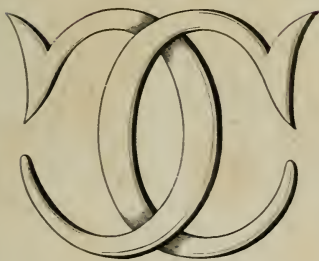




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DOUGLAS;

OR,

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THE HIGHLANDER.



# DOUGLAS;

OR,

## THE HIGHLANDER.

*A NOVEL.*

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By ROBERT BISSET, L. L. D.

AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF BURKE, &c.

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### V O L. III.

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Detrahare et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora,  
Cederet, introrsum turpis. HOR.

Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi. VIRG.

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1800.



DOUGLAS

THE MOUNTAIN

W. D. D.

IN THE MOUNTAINS

BY DOUGLAS

DOUGLAS

W. D. D.

DOUGLAS

W. D. D.

DOUGLAS

DOUGLAS

W. D. D.

DOUGLAS

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# DOUGLAS;

OR,

## THE HIGHLANDER.

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### CHAP. I.

Adventures at the Watering Places continued—  
Our Hero's generous Conduct to a young Sailor and  
his Family—Dover—Face of the Country analogous  
to the English Character.

WHILE Sidney was revelling in the ruin of a young creature that loved him to distraction, Charles had an opportunity of preserving a young woman from similar destruction.

Happening to return late one evening through the village of St. Peter's, in passing a cottage on the way to Broadstairs, he thought he heard the sobbing of grief. From a humane curiosity, looking through the window, by the crevice of a torn curtain,

tain, he perceived two women sitting with a paper before them over which they were weeping. The one was elderly, the other apparently about twenty. From the poor-ness of the mansion he was apprehensive that immediate distress might be the cause; he accordingly hied himself home, ques-tioned his landlady about the inhabitants of the cottage, and learned that they con-sisted of a mother and daughter constantly, and occasionally that a son, who was in the navy, came to visit them. They had paid, hitherto, fairly and honourably for every thing, but from the increasing dejection of both she was afraid that their little store was nearly exhausted; yet she could not suppose them to be in immediate pecuniary distress.

Douglas the next morning directed his walk that way, and, going with an inten-tion to knock at the door, heard a voice speaking very harshly whilst the answers were mixt with weeping: at last a man said, " Old woman, if your daughter does  
not

not consent to my master's proposals, your son will be detained for that note in Canterbury goal, and a distress for the rent will be entered upon your goods, so that you will be both obliged to follow him. I shall leave you till this evening to consider of it." — Douglas removed a little from the door, so as to appear walking on, when the man came out. He turning down towards Broadstairs, Douglas returned, and, with some of the common observations concerning the weather, they entered into discourse. The man said he was going to breakfast at the inn where Charles happened to lodge. Our hero, though he did not approve of this person, from what he had overheard, yet wishing to know the exact state of the case, proposed to breakfast in the same room.

"I suppose, Sir, you may be a stranger hereabouts as I am myself; I should think we might as well have our tea together."

"With all my heart," replied the other.

After some indifferent talk, Charles asked who lived in that cottage that he had seen him come out of.

“ I think I have seen,” said he, affecting to talk lightly, “ a devilish fine girl there.”

The man appeared as if he had been drinking without being since in bed, and had swallowed a large bason of rum and milk before, and another after breakfast, so that he was in a communicative disposition.

“ D—n me,” said he, “ if they be not a couple of the greatest fools I ever met with. That young one might make her fortune now, if she would only hear a little reason. A man of a very great estate, and a nobleman into the bargain, about two or three months ago, happening to be down, looking at a place to buy or take for the summer, saw this girl and fell in fancy with her; so as I was an old acquaintance of his Lordship’s, long before he was a Lord, and used to do little jobs for him

now-

now-and-then, although I believe, with him, it is more shew than reality, so I enquired into their affairs, and found that they had contracted a debt on account of their son, although part of the money, I believe, was applied to the maintenance of the mother and sister. The father had been a Captain in the navy, and having been well known at Sandwich and Canterbury, the widow and son had got credit by that means. I sent a nephew of mine, a boy, well-accustomed to commissions of that sort, George Dunderhead, to pay the debts, and get the bills into my hands. George did so; he did also execute another commission, at the same time, for a particular friend of his, a bailiff's follower. The whole was fifty pounds; and George being called to Mr. Brazenface, in the west part of this county, to be his usher, I was obliged to take the business into my own hands, and hoped to have every thing ready when my Lord came down. I took a lease of the cottage, with an assignment of the rent



then due. I spoke first to the mother, then to the daughter, all in vain. I went afterwards over to Chatham where the son was; told him my demand upon him; and when he said that he could not pay immediately, I thought it was time to make proposals, and said to him, that I did not wish to urge him, if not convenient, but that favour for favour was fair and square, so I very frankly and freely told him what I wished to be done. Would you think it? The impudent varlet, instead of answering coolly, as one might expect upon a matter of business, first struck me in the face, and then, God be praised, saying I was not worth a beating, struck his foot against me here —— with such force, that I declare, Sir, I can shew you the marks to this day.”

“ I shall take your word for it; but proceed if you please.”

“ I immediately took out a writ; not for the assault, for I was told that a jury would only give me a shilling damages, but

but for the debt. Lawyer Phillips got him into *custodium safum*, as the learned in the law calls it, and he was arrested last week. I told my Lord Sneak, then, that I thought the business was pretty nearly done. I wrote a letter to the widow, yesterday, and came this morning to see what effect it had. Still they are in their own light. However, I said I should give them to this evening; they whimpered and whined so, that I did not like to be disturbed any longer with them, so I shall spend the day here, go back to them in the evening, and, if they don't agree, have an execution in the house for the rent to-morrow morning. So, in the meantime, Sir, if you have a mind to be merry, I'll spend the day with you. For it is not for want of money that I prosecute for so small a sum, but to please my Lord."

Douglas was at his wits end what means to employ to extricate these poor people from their distress. He had not above twenty pounds by him, and knew that it

would be inconvenient, however agreeable to his mother, to advance the difference and expences, until his father's arrival in India, when liberal remittances might be expected. Sidney, he knew, was generally in an exhausted state. Dudley, who had gone to Canterbury, could not have much more than his immediate occasions would require. Still he eagerly wished to assist the distressed family. He dispatched an express to Dudley, requesting his immediate presence, and bethought himself of interesting, through Dudley, Mr. Nevil, to whom such a sum would be no object. Meanwhile, chance afforded him a longer time for deliberation. The man having taken a nap to recruit him from the want of sleep and from the effects of drinking, Douglas went out, called on the widow, told her he had learned some of the particulars, and begged to know what the amount of the rent due was. Finding it was only a few pounds, he had the pleasure to see that he could prevent immediate distress in her house.

house. They were both, she said, preparing to walk to Canterbury. But Douglas ordered a chaise for them. The man awakening, asked Douglas, on his return, if ever he played at any sort of game. Douglas had not the least inclination to gaming, but knowing this fellow to be a scoundrel, and conceiving him, therefore, to be a cheat, he determined to humour him, in hopes that he would commit a fraud, which would place him in Douglas's power, and so enable our hero to compel him to give such terms as should be prescribed. Accordingly a pack of cards was ordered, and they began to play at picquet. The man being an expert gambler, bet-thought himself of suffering Charles to gain first, with a view to fleece him completely. Charles immediately, from his antagonist's play, comprehended this object. The first game he gained fifteen guineas, between stakes and betts. The next they doubled. Our hero seeing his own play to be sufficiently good to guard

against fraud, and determined if the least was attempted, to threaten to commit him to a constable, he appeared flushed with success. The other trusting to an advanced stake the next game, suffered him to gain the second, so that his clear profits and betts made him, in all, forty-five guineas in pocket. The gambler said, he must send to Margate bank for a fresh recruit of cash; but, in the mean time, as he had not above twenty guineas in his pocket, offered to leave Fearnought's draft as a security, but said that he would play him for an hundred guineas. Douglas, without either expressing his acceptance or rejection of the proposals of farther play, desired him to indorse the note, which he did, and received the difference. Douglas then told him that he was authorized to pay the rent of Mrs. Fearnought, "which I now offer you, Sir."

"O God! my dear boy," said he, "I don't want the rent. I want that to be settled with my good friend, Lord Sneak."

"I insist



“ I insist on an immediate receipt, which (ringing the bell) I shall proffer you the amount for before the landlord; and, as I understand that the draft, now mine, was for the whole, I advise you to have young Fearnought immediately liberated.”

A waiter now coming, Mr. Cog begged Douglas to have a moment's patience before he sent for the landlord; the waiter was accordingly dismissed. Cog again entreated Douglas not to interfere; but he declared he should procure immediate bail for Fearnought, “ And more than that, Sir, I shall get him supported in an action against you, for false imprisonment.”

“ False imprisonment!” says Mr. Cog, “ Have not I his draught?”

“ No, I have his draught, unless you have palmed upon me a forgery; but come, give an immediate direction for his release; pay the charges, or I shall expose the whole of the nefarious plan which you opened to me in your cups.”

“That is taking a very unfair advantage, Sir.”

“I can see no unfairness in exposing villainy. I should not have sitten in your company if I had not in the morning overheard your harshness to defenceless women, and from your threats, with the accompanying proposals, conceiving you to be a scoundrel, I wished to detect your artifices, and prevent them from success. I shall, to-morrow, call upon Sneak, and represent to him the distress which you impute to his intention, and the disgrace he will incur when the whole is laid open, if what you have said of him be actually true, and he is so thorough a rogue to plot such rascality, and so thorough a fool as to employ so babbling an agent. So now, Sir, I’ll leave you to your meditations; but unless Fearnought be released from prison to-morrow morning, I shall publicly expose both the contemptible Sneak, and his contemptible tools, to the deserved scorn and detestation, and shall procure for the young  
officer

officer such support as will render your profligate worthlessness totally impotent."

Mr. Cog finding that there was no alternative between dereliction of villainy and public disgrace, at last declared that, to-morrow morning Fearnought should have a full and ample discharge.

Dudley had been at Dover when Douglas's express was sent, and did not receive it till early the next morning. Posting to Broadstairs, he found our hero and was told by him the reason of the express. While he was making, on the conduct of the principal and auxiliary rascals, his comments, which such acts must always draw from men of honour and integrity, a waiter entering, told him that a young man, in trowsers, with two women, requested admittance to him. This being granted, the two cottagers entered with, as Douglas justly concluded, the young Lieutenant. The widow and daughter threw themselves prostrate at Douglas's feet, and when he had raised them, the old woman invoked every

every blessing on the head of the youth, who, as she said, in the form of an angel, had done an angelic act of goodness. "You have," she said, "noble Sir, prevented from destruction three fellow-creatures, the widow and children of as brave an officer as ever fought for his King and country."

The son expressed his gratitude in equally strong terms, and the daughter looked as much as either. After Douglas had indulged his visitants by suffering them to pour out the ebullitions of their gratitude, and they were proposing to depart, Douglas requested the Lieutenant to spend the day with him. Fearnought replied, that he wished to return immediately to Chatham, to enquire whether, in consequence of his absence, he had not been superseded; that he was afraid his oppressor might have bribed the turnkey to intercept his letters, as he had received no answer to any he wrote to his ship since his confinement. Douglas and Dudley offered to accompany

accompany him, to explain to his Captain, if ignorant of it, the causes of his absence. Arriving at Rochester, they left the Lieutenant at the inn, and proceeded to Chatham. Douglas enquiring for the ship, was informed that she was gone to Sheerness, but learned that the Captain was still at his lodgings, near the Dock Yard. He luckily found him at home, and told him that he had come on the part of Mr. Fearnought.

“D—n that young fellow,” replied the Captain, “he has turned out quite a different man from what I always thought him. I reckoned him as trusty an officer as any that ever stepped between stem and stern; but here has he been away in London with some cursed girl for this month, without leave.”

“I find, Captain,” said Douglas, “that the letters which Fearnought wrote you have never come to hand. He has been unfortunate, but not guilty.” Douglas then told him the whole truth.

The

The Captain expressed his joy, and said he had just come in time to save his commission, as he should have been obliged, in a few days, to have made such a report to the Admiralty as would have subjected him to the broad—R. “As for that Cog, and Sneak, though he be a Lord, I wish I had the doing them justice. I should have them keelhawled, and anointed with a cat-o’-nine-tails.” Fearnought was sent for, all matters settled by the Captain, and leave given him to join the ship at Deal.

Our hero having remained in the Isle of Thanet for about a fortnight longer, made an excursion to Dover, and with delight and admiration contemplated on the proud cliffs, viewed the castle, and ascended the opposite eminence, rendered classic ground by the magic pen of our dramatic bard. He returned to London the direct road. Having passed the high and rugged hills, near the coast, and come in to the rich and beautiful plains surrounding the ancient metropolis of christian England, an  
analogy



analogy struck him between the appearance which English landscapes and English manners would wear to a continental visitor, according to the different stages of his acquaintance.

At Dover the country, though bold, was rude and uncouth; as you advanced into the country it became beautiful and rich, though still preserving the grand aspect which first struck your eyes; so is it, said Douglas, with the English character. To a stranger it may, at first, appear repulsive, but on being better known is found to abound in pleasing, useful, and great qualities.

Arriving in London, he found that his mother and sister were gone with Mrs. Goodwill to Hendon. He enquired after Wilson, who was now come to town to employ himself in literary efforts. He had the satisfaction to find, that as the features of the new philosophy became more prominent, Wilson became much cooler in his approbation of the French revolution; that

that he had more narrowly investigated its individual character, and more carefully separated it from ideas of general liberty, under the semblance of which it had first been viewed by him with a favourable eye. Douglas asked him if he had met with Sidney lately about town, as he had eloped, some weeks before, from Margate, with a girl, and he had not heard of him since. Wilson replying in the negative, Douglas continued: "I am afraid that the same unsteadiness of mind which produces extravagant theory, instead of experimental and just deduction from Sidney in various departments, and especially in politics, affects his moral principles. He has many good qualities, both of head and heart, yet neither of them are unalloyed by great defects."

"Has he seduced the girl?" said Wilson.

"As far as I can judge, from her former appearance, he has; and though I respect many parts of Sidney's character, I cannot allow him the praise of sound moral principles,



ciples, if he practises so pernicious an art."

"Why," said Wilson, "I cannot accuse myself in that way; it may have been for want of opportunity, but much allowance is to be made for youthful passion and situation."

Douglas and Wilson next morning set off for Hendon, and had the pleasure to find their friends in perfect health. Mrs. Douglas was in good spirits, having the day before received a packet from her husband from the Cape of Good Hope; in which he had mentioned his health and spirits to be as good as his friends could wish. In the letter he expressed himself under great obligations to a mate of an Indiaman, who had, at great risque to himself, saved the life of one of his fellow-passengers, with whom he had become extremely intimate, although their situations were very different.

Isabella was not the least affected by the arrival of Douglas, and her delight so  
flushed

flushed her cheek, beamed in her eyes, and dimpled her mouth, that Douglas thought her more exquisitely charming than ever. His situation, however, as it forbade any thoughts of an engagement, determined his well-principled and resolute mind to persevere in refraining from a declaration of affection, and, as far as he could, from what his integrity conceived to be equivalent, a tacit expression of love; he, therefore, rigorously exerted that *self-command* which, though troublesome, is a sure guard of moral rectitude, by confining his attention to general politeness. While his heart was melting in tenderness, the strength of his integrity assumed the appearance of indifference. Isabella, for some time, felt mortification at what she conceived his indifference, but flattered herself that there was no room for jealousy."

One morning, as Miss Douglas and she were walking, a lady met them, who asked if Mr. Douglas did not live in that house before which they were.

Isabella

Isabella made no answer, but was evidently greatly agitated by the question.

Louisa asked, what Mr. Douglas she meant?—"Mr. Charles Douglas, that lived with Dr. Vampus."

"Yes, he does," said she.

"But," said Isabella eagerly, "he is not at home; my brother and he are gone out a shooting."

The lady accordingly returned towards the village, and Isabella, finding herself seized with a tremor, proposed to return home. She had not reached the door when the two young gentlemen made their appearance, and she hurried to her room, not without the assistance of the balustrades. Louisa soon followed her, and found her dissolved in tears. It required much less penetration than Louisa possessed to know the general sentiments of Isabella, and what had particularly affected her that day. At the same time, as this was a subject on which no confidence had ever been reposed in her, she carefully avoided

avoided appearing to comprehend the cause of her present emotion. Mrs. Douglas and Mrs. Goodwill had gone out together, on a morning visit, so that Louisa had time to devote her attention to her companion, without any enquiry into the cause, which rendered any particular attention then necessary.

A note arrived for Charles about a quarter of an hour after his return, in consequence of which he set off immediately for the village. Betaking himself to the inn, for such they called it, kept by his old acquaintance the barber, he there was received by the writer of the note in the person of his old friend Miss Bouncer. She reproached him, at first, with his long absence from Heath House, and declared herself much enraged at his neglect. He having made the best apology he could, she at last graciously condescended to forgive him, only insisting on his company during the rest of the day. Charles was prevailed upon, and sent to his sister to  
desire

desire she would not wait dinner for him. Their own repast was ordered up. The political barber carried it in himself, and, when the cloth was withdrawn, repeated an order respecting the apartment of the present couple, perfectly consistent with the general plan of his house, of which an established rule was, that no servants should ever enter a room in which there were two persons of different sexes, unless their attendance was required. Having, during dinner, decanted two bottles of wine for them, left filberts, grapes, and other articles which the autumnal season afforded, as he went out of the room he begged them to ring hard if they wanted any thing else, *the room* they were in, he said, *being distant from the kitchen*. Saying this, he left them to their grapes, wine, and conversation.

It would be to no purpose to detail the particulars of their conversation; it is probable it was conciliatory, as, when the barber attended at tea, as he afterwards declared, the lady was in most excellent humour,

mour, as is generally the case after an abundance of good cheer.

Miss Bouncer procured the promise of Charles to renew his visits to Heath House, and, being obliged to be at home that evening, resolutely set off at eight at night, and, without fear of robbers or ravishers, drove into town. Arriving at one inn, she took a hackney coach to another, and from the second a fresh chaise and horses for her own house. She slept sound after the exercise of her journey, and rose betimes the next morning to continue her instructions to the young ladies of the boarding-school.

Charles returned to the ladies, and found that his friend Wilson, having conjectured the truth, had told them a different story. That Charles had been sent for by an old school-fellow at Dr. Vampus's, who, though urged to dine with him at the cottage, would not agree, but would talk over their old frolics with Charles alone. Mrs. Goodwill asked him why he had not brought his companion with him to the cottage, as  
it



it was too late to return to town; it would have been better, as we have no spare bed, to have had his share of yours, than to have gone away so late. Wilson, who made no doubt that this arrangement might have been agreeable to the companion, could not avoid smiling. His sister perceiving this, suspected the truth; first turned red, then very pale, and, finally, swooned away. Mrs. Goodwill and Mrs. Douglas, who each loved Isabella as if she had been their own child, were in great commotion, especially when, after a long insensibility, they began to apprehend danger. Douglas, perceiving their fears, was himself alarmed, and, finding no signs of life beginning to appear, manifested his hitherto well-concealed love. Embracing her with the most frantic distress, he called on her, his lovely, beloved Isabella; kissed her cold lips, and swearing he would never survive her. Whether it was that in the warmth of our hero there was more efficacy than in smelling bottles, or that the swoon was of itself



arrived at a conclusion, we cannot with certainty determine ; but she recovered, and, as her eyes opened, finding herself in the arms of Douglas, was almost in danger of a relapse. She soon after was led out of the room by Louisa, followed by the other ladies, while Wilson, being left alone with Douglas, said to him, very coolly, “ Mr. Douglas, you have shewn yourself very much affected by the illness of my sister ; from the strength of your expressions on the subject, and your evident emotion, I, as her brother, wish an explanation on that point.”

“ Wilson” answered Douglas, with great warmth ; “ I love your sister to distraction, but, upon my soul, never told herself, or any other person, my sentiments.”

Wilson for the present was satisfied, and the ladies soon after returned down stairs.

Mrs. Douglas was very pensive all the evening, not the less so as she observed uneasiness and anxiety strongly impressed  
in

in the face of her son. The next day she desired to speak with him privately ; and, begging him to excuse the anxiety of a mother, requested him to explain to her the causes that made him so affected the preceding evening.

“ I have no doubt, my dear Charles,” said she, “ of the situation of your heart, as nothing but the most sincere and strong affection could produce the disquiet that the illness of Isabella caused to you last night. But, my dear son, you know you are a very young man ; you know you are not yet, in other respects, so independent as to settle for life ; such a scheme would be most imprudent, most distressing to me, distressing and displeasing to your father. I have that confidence in your good sense, your prudence, and your filial duty, that I am persuaded you will not admit such an idea.”

Charles assured her, most solemnly, that although, were he so situated as to have it in his power, with prudence and propriety,

priety, to think of fixing his fate for life, he should prefer Isabella to any woman in the world; yet that such a notion, at present, he would think to be madness.

“Then,” said his mother, “I have equal confidence in your honour and integrity, as in your other qualities. I know you are above the silly vanity that would receive gratification from enjoying the affections of any innocent and amiable girl. Whatever sentiments you may entertain, therefore, respecting this young lady, I am convinced you have never made any declaration to her, or any advances; as from such a youth as you they could not be received with an indifference by any young woman whose heart was unengaged.”

Douglas protested that he never had endeavoured to convey, either to Isabella, or to any other person, the state of his affections.

“I think, then,” said Mrs. Douglas, “that as she is a very lovely young woman, and you, Charles, I must say, a very  
fine

fine young man, and, as I rather suspect, that you are not mutually indifferent, I think, before the heart of either is irrevocably engaged, absence will be a very useful prescription for both. It is my request, therefore, that you will go to-morrow to your apartments in the Temple; Louisa and I shall see you as often as we can, and Miss Wilson and you need see each other but seldom."

Charles, although his heart revolted at this proposition, yet, habituated to command his affections, when any great duty interfered with their gratification, resolved to comply with the entreaties of his mother. Isabella, pretending a continuance of indisposition, which the state of her mind almost rendered real, kept her apartment the whole of that day. Wilson, having conversed with her, found, to his great uneasiness, the state of her affections, for she could not elude his penetrating enquiries; but, not being able to discover what her hopes of a return were, and, well ac-

quainted with the moral principles of Douglas, he was without apprehensions of improper, or even insinuating, advances from him. Still he was very well pleased to hear that Douglas was for the Temple forthwith, so that the lovers would not be for a longer time under the same roof.—Charles left Hendon without having seen Isabella, and, indeed, without her knowing that he was gone, not to return to it as a place of permanent abode.

## CHAP. II.

Charles's Studies in the Temple—Receives a Visit from the Democratical Barber—His Praises of Tom Croft—Story Books against Lords, Bishops, and Universities—Charles meets with Isabella.

CHARLES, having now taken up his headquarters, applied himself, with great vigour, to general jurisprudence, that he might prepare for legal history, and the details of municipal law. He made himself master of the laws of the different republics of Greece, especially Athens and Sparta, which are better known to moderns than those of other republics; of the Roman code, from the twelve tables to Justinian; examined, by the general rules of jurisprudence, the various codes which he studied, and found that to none were they so completely applicable as to the laws of England. He made himself fully acquainted with the consti-

tutional history and principles of this country, and was the more rivetted in his attachment to the laws, liberties, and polity under which he lived, from the attempts now becoming so prevalent to subvert them. The more he advanced in political philosophy in general, in the knowledge of British affairs, civil and political in particular, the more he was convinced that the desire of changing such a system must arise from superficial reasoning, or corrupt motives. Conceiving this opinion of British innovators from the pernicious end which such, from ignorance, misapprehension, or weakness, on the one hand, or from wickedness on the other, sought, he was farther confirmed in it by investigating the various means. He attended chiefly to the literary engines of Anti-constitutional operation. Here he found the striking value of analysis and induction. Investigating Priestley, Paine, Joel Barlow, the most strenuous and direct supporters of levelling principles, he with ease detected their assumptions of  
general



general laws, which induction not only did not confirm but controverted. The more indirect and desultory abettors, the metaphysical jargonists, the romance-mongers, the promoters of moral and political doctrines which would overturn free agency, the belief of a divine Providence, of a future state; who would suppress all kind affections, all regard to the most endearing relations of civil and social life; who would destroy institutions that preserve rational creatures from the indiscriminate sensuality of beasts; who would annihilate government, order, property, and morals, either weakly or wickedly erred from not bringing their doctrines to the TEST OF INDUCTION. The parrots of the metaphysical jargonists, who endeavour to explain and familiarize their doctrines in novels and plays, and declamatory pamphlets, he perceived to be equally deficient in accurate observation, just and comprehensive reasoning. If a metaphysical jargonist had, instead of spinning theories from his own imagination, accu-

rately examined facts, studied history and human nature, and enquired whether or not, in the greatest number of cases, religious or irreligious men; whether men actuated by what is called private affections, good friends, good children, good parents, good wives, good husbands, good subjects, good sovereigns; that is, persons actuated by affections to certain individuals or classes whose welfare was affected by their actions, or men destitute of these affections, and negligent of the conduct which they produce, are in the majority of cases, the most conducive to happiness; whether to the aggregate of good, *of the whole*: (to use a cant term, of the said jargonists,) if, in fact, they had employed induction, they would have found out the falsity of their own systems. If the parrots of metaphysical jargon, the romance-mongers, &c. had formed habits<sup>ts</sup> of induction, none of them would have been guilty of so gross an absurdity as to represent all diversity of rank as unproductive of advantage and productive

ductive of mischief, because an instance might exist of the son of a low and worthless father being good, and the son of a high and worthy parent being wicked.\* On these subjects he had often disquisitions with Wilson, and disputes with Sidney. Wilson was, indeed, become now very averse to the new theories, of which his vigorous understanding, accustoming itself to induction, discovered the fallacy. Sidney was becoming more attached to the new theories, not only from his habits of exercising his fancy more than his reason, but from other circumstances that rendered a practical application not disagreeable. His fortune was originally not great; he was dissipated, and had, of late, got into companies that taught him gaming, as well as increased his other evil propensities. The brilliancy of his genius rendered his associates the more hurtful. Of them, some were distinguished for talents equal to the first men in the kingdom, and to ability, joined to the most unassuming, en-

\* See Anna St. Ives.

engaging, and seductive manners. These gave them, in Sidney's eye, a value, which, in that of a man of no genius, they would not have possessed; and in that of investigation, genius would not have given sanction to any opinion, doctrine, habit, or practice, which reason and virtue did not justify. The ablest of that set was himself, a man of benevolent impulse, but totally void of that self-restraint, without which there is no reliance on conduct. The second was distinguished for brilliancy of wit, but without fixed principles, either of thought or action. Men of inferior talents to these, but much above the common run of mankind, were frequently of their parties, and were either gamblers with the first, or debauchees and spend-thrifts with the second. Some, also, resembled the more general powers of invention and plausible argument possessed by the one; others, the most specific powers of the other. Sidney was delighted with the classes, and their respective heads, and though

though he himself was able to penetrate deeply into a subject, if he chose to exert himself, yet would repeat the brilliant wit of the one, or the inventive sophistry of the other, not as mere wit or ingenuity, but as conclusive arguments. One day, Sidney told Douglas, "You reason, Charles, too much from precedent and authority: however, that is not peculiar to you, for all the supporters of the old governments do the same."

"As to my reasoning individually," said Douglas, "I shall say nothing; but I think the supporters of new governments, or rather no governments at all, are much more *parrots of argument* than those of the old. When Tom Croft writes a novel to shew that all property is an encroachment and usurpation, that thieves, highwaymen, housebreakers, and murderers ought not to be punished, he argues from *authority*."

"What authority?" said Sidney.

"Of William Subtlewould," replied Douglas, "who tells us, in his last treatise  
on

on metaphysical jargon, that there ought to be no property, therefore, there can be no harm in thieves, &c. because they take only what belongs as much to themselves as to any other person. When Charlotte Self-praise gives us, in her novels, the badness of Kings, Priests, Nobles, and Gentry, she repeats what she has heard from Voltaire, Rousseau, or, without going so far away, from Tom Paine, or Tom Croft. Charlotte, therefore, is, in her politics, a mere follower of authority. When Laura Maria proclaims that every virtue is excluded from the habitations of the exalted, she goes merely on the authority of Tom Croft. When she endeavours to shew that all vice is owing to the distinction between rich and poor, she borrows from the said Tom Croft, and also the paragraphs of Cachagee's newspaper. In the Constitutional and Corresponding Societies, I am told, that the authority of Tom Paine is as much regarded as ever the authority of Pope, or Cardinal, was by the most bigotted



gotted Catholic, and that the fulminations of Priestley, among the Socinian Dissenters, are received as conclusive argument, as much as those of Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, among the Scotch seceders."

"You will allow," said Sidney, "that one work in favour of the French Revolution is written by a man of original genius, who thinks for himself, and does not argue from authority."

"I do admit one, and one only, to be of the description which you mention. You must mean that—"

"I certainly mean," said Sidney, "as you suppose, *Vindiciæ Galliciae*."

"That," said Douglas, "is a work of very uncommon genius, and very uncommon learning, and very uncommon depth of philosophy. At the same time, I think, he errs, though from a different cause from your Crofts and Subtlewoulds, and that gang of apes of metaphysics. He is like our friend Wilson; he admires a just and well regulated liberty, but has fallen into  
two



two mistakes, one of misinformation, and another of sentiment. Admiring liberty as an essential ingredient of happiness, he has not considered the fact as to what is called liberty in France; his general principles are sound and excellent, but he mistakes the case. Sentiment, I believe, had led, in some degree, to the error of an understanding of the highest cast. The old government of France he and every impartial man saw to be execrable; but the feeling of detestation against the old, influenced his judgement respecting the new: he too hastily concluded that a deviation from what was very bad must be good."

One morning, while Douglas was sitting perusing Grotius, the servant told him that a man, calling himself Mr. Poll, desired to be admitted: being accordingly ushered in, Douglas found him to be his Hendon acquaintance and host, the political barber. The servant withdrawing, Poll began—"I hope, Sir, as how you won't take it amiss, but my friend Tom Croft, the shoemaker,

owes

owes me a score, and so he has sent me a new story-book to sell some of them for him, and to pay myself; so if, Sir, you would get off some, I would be very much obligated to you. I should like, besides paying myself, to do Tom a kindness, for he has done me a great honour.

“What honour has he done you, my friend Poll?”

“He has made me one of the correspondums.”

“Who are the correspondums?”

“Why, those that is to set all to rights in old England. I am one of the Middlesex apartments; but we shall change the names of the Shires, when we have it all our own way.”

“Well,” said Douglas, “first tell me what the book is that you recommend.”

“Aye; ’tis a fine book, Sir: I don’t remember it all through, but one thing he makes as plain as the nose in one’s face; that all your Lords, and all your Bishops, and your varsity learning, is all fools.”

“How

“ How does he make that out ? ”

“ Lord ! Sir, he puts in the story-book, as how a bishop wanted a young man to marry his girl, as how the Lord was a willain, and the varsity larning a nincompoop ; and he makes it out that all is so. Gad, when we gets them into our correspondums, we will work them. He has only made three about that yet, but he promises as how he’ll make three more.”

“ And when your correspondums, as as you call them, have carried their object, what are you to gain ? ”

“ Gain, d——n me, I shall gain enough. I gets rid of my wife then.”

“ Your wife appears to be a well behaved, good sort of woman.”

“ Yes, yes, but I likes three or four much better ; and Tom Croft tells me as how, that any two that has mind to one another is to have one another, and change as often as they list. Thinks I at first, but I were a fool then, that’s like the beasteses, but now I’s enlightened, I knows as how

we

we be all alike for that, we has no souls more than they has. Tom Croft told us that Mr. Subtlewould had written a book against souls, and all that there d——d nonsense, and against any man having a wife, and marriage, and so on. To be sure, Mr. Subtlewould is one of the cleverest men in the world, and I love him from my very soul, ever since he went to Newgate, to comfit neighbour Snatchum, who they put in prison for stealing cows. Says Mr. Subtlewould, ‘ My good friend, Snatchum, what made you take the cows?’ —‘ Why, an’t please your honour, Sir,’ says Snatchum, ‘ I’d run out of money, by having to pay an hundred pounds damages to a friend of mine for his wife, besides fifteen pounds a-piece for three bastards.’ — ‘ Had the wife and you an inclination for one another?’ says Subtlewould. — ‘ That we had,’ says Snatchum. — ‘ Then you had a right to gratify it.’ For as he used hard words that I could not remember, he has wrote them down for us, and here they are:

— ‘ That,’

—‘That,’ said Mr. Subtlewould, ‘is the tyranny of the institution of marriage. And so, friend, you took the cows because you wanted them?’—‘Yes, Sir.’—‘You had a right to do so.’—‘But, egad, the old cull of a justice did not think so, for he sent me to *quod* for it.’—‘That arises from the horrid tyranny of property.’ You see here the very words, Sir—*Marriage and property are the sources of all evil.*—So, Sir, I hope you will buy Tom Croft’s books, for he says he learns them all from that wise Mr. Subtlewould.”

“No,” said Douglas, “I don’t agree either with Tom Croft, or Bill Subtlewould; besides, if I wanted the books, I should have a right to them without buying, according to his doctrines. Did not he say you might give them away?”

“No, no, I put that to him, and he said, that in case of *his* books, that was a different affair; but come, Sir, if ever you have a mind to amuse yourself again at my house with that nice lady, I’m not the man  
to

to baulk you, and if you want a fresh tit bit I knows where to find them. Egad, I wishes the old Duke of Quondam would apply to me now—what a fool I were once.”

“How so?” said Douglas.

“Oh, he was after my wife, when she was a very likely woman, and I was then an ignoramus, I was not enlightened. He sent Captain Lickplate, for he did not then employ Jacky, to offer me money for our Margery, but by G—d I gave the Captain a good threshing. I told the story since to Tom Croft and Mr. Subtlewould; they both told me as how I was a great fool, for that marriage was a bug-bear, and I might have had many women for the same money the Duke would have given me.”

“Who is this Jacky that has succeeded the Captain in his honourable office?”

“Jacky Gossip; don’t you know him? He gets him his ladies, and the Duke buys Jacky horses, and so they are both pleased.”

Poll

Poll finding his recommendation of Tom Croft's book not effectual, and his other proffered services not wanted, withdrew; leaving Charles to reflect on the morality that uninformed people learn from Tom Croft, the shoemaker, and Mr. Subtlewould, the philosopher.

Meanwhile Douglas saw Isabella but seldom, although, from their relative domestic situation, it was impossible to avoid seeing each other sometimes. Isabella was convinced she was not indifferent to Douglas; his looks, his half-stifled sighs, every movement, betrayed his affections. She observed, that when she was apparently in good health, his enquiries were such as might have proceeded from an acquaintance of common politeness; but that if she was ill, there was a tenderness in his manner, notwithstanding evident efforts to conceal it, that manifested the most anxious concern. She could not help conceiving herself loved by him, although she was convinced he wished to hide his passion from  
from



from her observation. Reflecting on the cause of this, as she did almost always, she imputed his backwardness to declare himself to a consciousness of both their situations. That she herself had, in fact, no fortune; that he was wholly dependent on his father. She pitied his sufferings, esteemed his self-command, and his integrity, which precluded their declaration, was tenderly grateful for his services, and felt for his accomplishments and virtues, a still softer sentiment than either pity, esteem, or gratitude.

Mrs. Goodwill and Mrs. Douglas, at the commencement of that summer, had, instead of returning to their cottage at Hendon, taken a small house near town, but in a rural retired situation beyond Bayswater. Isabella frequently walked out alone with a book in her hand, which she could read with less disturbance than when in company with the elderly ladies, or surrounded by her pupils. One evening she had strolled into the gardens and walked as far as the alcove at the end  
of

of the bason, fronting the palace; and was indulging herself in reading Tom Jones, which, having always liked, she now prized beyond all books of the kind, because the favourite of Douglas. She had come to that scene in which Jones and Sophia met at the canal, in that pathetic passage she was reading with the greatest eagerness, the tears trickling down her lovely cheeks, from sympathy with the charming Sophia, when, hearing a foot by her, she looked round with some alarm and beheld Douglas.

Coming from Piccadilly, he had entered the gardens at the Mount Gate, and was crossing towards that by the Gravel Pits, but, passing the alcove, he beheld Isabella. To describe the emotions of this young couple, at this unexpected interview, would be unnecessary to attempt—few would understand the description, and such as could, would require none. But, whatever were their feelings, and however visible they might be to a bye-stander, they were themselves each too much engaged to attend to

to those of the other. After some minutes, Charles, in a voice of the most tender melody, and with an expression of countenance that shewed his whole soul to be dissolved in love, said, "Isabella, to what fortunate accident do I owe meeting you thus alone?" He seized her hand, and, with an emotion that he found impossible to resist, carressed her. She, with an agitation that she could not repress, said, "I beseech you, my dear—I—I—I mean Mr. Douglas, leave me."

"Leave you!—Ah, sweetest Bella, never;—honour, and regard to our mutual situation, have compelled me to dissemble a passion that preys on my vitals, but I'll never leave you."

She, looking softly for a minute in his face, sighed out, "Indeed you must;" the last word dying with the reluctance with which it was spoken. Douglas having repeatedly, with great emphasis, spoken the words—"I will never leave thee," at last sung from the Gentle Shepherd, in a

voice though manly, yet musical, and then mellowed by the softest sensations the words to the tune—" *I will never leave thee.*" His fair companion was so affected that she could not avoid reclining on his arm, while he kissed away the pearly drops from her pale but blushing cheeks. Although they thought they had been but a few minutes together, they had continued in the alcove at least an hour, when they heard a voice calling Charles and Isabella too in a tone of surprize, not without anger. Lifting up his eyes, Douglas beheld his mother.

"Son," said she, "does this agree with your promise respecting that young lady?"

"Our meeting, mother, has been purely accidental."

"Accidental, indeed!" said she, "As you say it, I hope it has been so on your part; but pray, Miss Wilson, has it been so on yours? Did not you at least suppose it probable my son would be returning about this time?"

"Upon

“ Upon my honour, Madam, I—I—I had no hopes of meeting Mr. Douglas.”

“ Hopes!” said another female voice, which Charles knew to be that of his cousin, Miss Lighthorse, “ Hopes spring from wishes. It appears, then, you would have wished to have met him.”

To this, Isabella returned, though very faintly, a negative.

Miss Lighthorse was a girl of good parts and keen penetration. Her education, however, formed more upon the superficial notions of her father, than the sound and able views of her mother, had tended rather to make her accomplished and lively, than solid and reflecting. She had, from her childhood, been much in company, and learnt all that fashionable parties could teach. Accustomed by her father to the frank and unreserved deportment of the old French school, whatever she could either say or do, she could say or do with great ease. Facility of exertion passed with many for a vigour of power. Al-

though she could not be said to have wit, she abounded in smart repartees. The self-possession of early initiation into life made her, to many, appear superior in talents to young ladies in whom the timidity of early seclusion repressed the display of much greater abilities. Both Isabella Wilson and Louisa Douglas were greatly before her in abilities and knowledge; but though also endued both with superior beauty of face and figure, Miss Lighthorse, in fashionable parties, would be the most prominent of the three. If her charms excited much less real admiration, her talk and versatility importuned more attention. Though Miss Lighthorse was much inferior to her cousin and her cousin's friend, yet both her face and her figure were pleasing. On her first seeing Douglas, two years before the period at which we are now arrived, she, though just turned of fifteen, had, in some degree, fallen in love with him; that is, in the sense often applicable to that passion in the fashionable world—she thought him  
the

the finest young man she had seen. Not only when he was present did she regard him with great tenderness, but even when absent, and no other young man of good appearance present to supply his place in her fancy. She was not, however, so far gone that a gay partner at a ball could not efface his image. Although her love was rather a transferable commodity, yet Charles was most frequently the object; and as she had been for several days at his mother's, and he happened to be there, during that time he had made great progress in her affection. Women, it has been often said, have hawk's eyes in affairs of love, more especially those affairs that concern themselves. Miss Lighthorse was farther instructed in this species of knowledge by reading French plays and novels, and hearing the recitals of her French Governess. She very quickly perceived the affection subsisting between Douglas and Miss Wilson, and conceived an immediate hatred for this young lady. It was, indeed,



partly to avoid her company, and the satirical scrutiny of her remarks, that Isabella had that evening walked alone to such a distance. Miss Lighthorse had, however, watched her to the garden gate, and suspected, very unjustly, that to meet Douglas was her object. She had proposed immediately after to her aunt and cousin (Mrs. Goodwill being engaged about business at home) to walk in the gardens. When they had come opposite to the bason, Miss Lighthorse observing in the alcove at the farther end a gentleman and lady, concluded it was Isabella and Charles. Proposing to cross over to Mount Gate, she easily prevailed on the ladies, and drew them insensibly a little to the left hand through the skirts of the wood, so as not to be perceived from the alcove, especially as the lovers' attention was not turned that way.

Miss Lighthorse, who was bitterly enraged to see a country girl, as she called Miss Wilson, preferred to her, who was so finely bred and accomplished, threw out

a num-

a number of sarcastic observations on prim and demure Misses that met gentlemen alone in retired places at nine in the evening. The Palace clock immediately after striking eight, contradicted the horological observation. Mrs. Douglas, who was kind, humane, and considerate, although she very much regretted the attachment of those lovers, yet could not blame any young lady for being sensible to the charms of her son. Louisa and she supported and assisted the tottering Miss Wilson, while Charles anxiously watched every flush of her complexion. The vigour of her constitution, however, and the firmness of her resolution, not without a stimulus of indignation against the sarcastic Miss Lighthorse, enabled her to walk home. The next day Mrs. Douglas had a conference with Mrs. Goodwill, in which she declared she had a very exalted opinion of Isabella's merit, and would prefer her of all women as the daughter-in-law that would make Charles happy, but that prudence for the present peremptorily

forbade any such thoughts, and duty to his father, a motive still superior to prudence.

“To prevent this young couple from meeting, I must, I believe,” she said, “my dear Mrs. Goodwill, do what will pain me very much, I must separate our abode.”

“Pardon me there, my good Mrs. Douglas,” said Mrs. Goodwill, “I have a plan in my head which may prevent the necessity of that separation. I have some thoughts of sending my two girls to a boarding school, if I can get Isabella, who is perfectly competent to the task, admitted as a teacher. That will prevent her and your son from necessarily meeting, and if they are determined to meet without necessity, no means that we can devise will prevent them.”

Mrs. Douglas accordingly postponed her plan of leaving Mrs. Goodwill’s house, until she saw whether or not that lady’s could be put into execution.

## CHAP. III.

Letters arrive from the General—Death of the Laird—Exultation of the Rhodomontades—Disappointment—What happens to Douglas in Scotland—Return to England—Great Change in Political Opinions of the People—Meets with Sidney—Practical Effects of the new Philosophy.

LETTERS were now received from the General, who was safely arrived at Madras, after a tedious voyage, and that he was soon to join Lord Cornwallis in the Ghauts. A gentleman from Bengal had told him that his brother was far from being in a good state of health, and was thinking of immediately returning to England.

Soon after this a packet of letters arrived from the North, containing an account of the death of Mr. Douglas of Tay Bank. About ten days after, Charles received, from Mr. Wiseman, a particular account of the state of affairs at that

place. Mrs. Douglas and Rhodomontade, conceiving the disposition of the estate to be entirely their own, had already begun to drop the mask. One son only survived, a child about fifteen months old. Mrs. Douglas had already declared that her friend Swearwell should have the total management of the estate under her and her father, and was now very open in her conduct respecting the lover. Douglas's presence was requisite at the opening of the papers, accordingly he set out and arrived in safety. A day was appointed for a general inspection; Douglas again visited the house of his nativity, in company with his grandfather and Mr. Wiseman. Swearwell and Rhodomontade were already there. Exultation sat upon their countenances as on that of Mrs. Douglas herself. Several papers being produced, Swearwell said they were of no importance, that it was losing time to inspect them. Charles taking up one of them was perusing it with great attention, on finding it a letter from his deceased

ceased

ceased grandfather, giving an account, to his father, of the battle of Malplaquet, and the fall of the brave Marquis of Tullibardine. Swearwell, looking over his shoulder, said, "Come, Mr. Charles, you are losing time on that *trumpery*."

"Pray," said Douglas, "do you know who wrote it?"

"Oh, yes," said he, "'twas the old Laird."

"And do you dare, Sir, in my presence, and in this house, to apply such a term to a writing of my ancestor?"

"Come," said Swearwell, exulting in the supposed success of villainy, "don't talk about this house, young man, we must see who has a right to assume in it before we begin to bully."

"Bully," said Douglas, in the indignant pride of a gentleman, roused by an insult from such a fellow; he was rising to give him the merited chastisement, when his venerable grandfather, and his friend Wiseman, earnestly begged him to be tran-

quail: accordingly he said, "I'm in the wrong, gentlemen, to suffer my anger to be excited by an object of contempt. But pray, Mr. Wiseman, who is this fellow? What brings such a man among gentlemen?" Swearwell, fearing contempt (which as he beheld the athletic figure of Douglas he thought a very good friend) might not always be the predominant passion, made a very mild answer, said that he was employed by Mrs. Douglas and Mr. Rhodomontade, and was present in their right.

Rhodomontade begged to be heard, and accordingly proceeded. "Gentlemen, I have been more in the confidence of the deceased than any man living, and he told me some things about the disposition of his affairs a few days before he died. He had made a will when he was ill, about two years ago, which he assured me was his last, and poor man, (here Rhodomontade began to cry) he said I should there see, and my daughter, how dear we were to him; that we were his real friends, although



although his relations, for their own ends, might pretend to be so. I beg pardon, Mr. Douglas, I mean no affront to you. Things do come wonderfully about. I am sorry to say he at last got a very different opinion of General Douglas from what he once heard. But don't suppose I mean to offend you, Sir."

"You, you lying scoundrel," said Douglas, "affront me! I am not so easily incensed. But all this that you say about a will is absolutely false."

"Very well," said Rhodomontade, "we shall soon see that—he told me it was in his own bureau, so you will see whether what I said be true or not. To the bureau accordingly they proceeded, the will was found, Rhodomontade began to read——  
"and in regard of my high opinion of my dearly beloved wife, Mary, formerly Rhodomontade, now Douglas, and of her father, Charles Rhodomontade, Esq. of Rogue Place, in the parish of Little Bishopstown, in the county of Perth, and of my dear  
friend

friend Mr. John Swearwell, writer, in Bishopstoun, in the aforesaid county of Perth, I nominate and appoint them trustees for the management of my estates real, in tenements, hereditaments, lying in the parish of Tay Bank, in the county of Perth aforesaid.’—(Swearwell, being a little impatient, said, “Lord, Sir, you read so slow” and proceeded himself.)—‘But should I die without issue lawfully begotten of my body upon the aforesaid Mary Douglas,’ he was proceeding, when, glancing his eye on the bottom of the page, just as he was repeating, ‘that the said Mr. John Swearwell be legally seised’——in hell and the devil.”

“Of the last I make not the smallest doubt,” said Douglas.

“What is the matter, boy,” said Rhodomontade, “are you mad?”

“M—a—d,” said the other, (who had in great agitation examined the bottoms of different pages and found them all to be the same) our labour is all in vain, ’tis all cancelled.” Mrs. Douglas sat up a shriek, and

and fell into a fit, and was carried out of the room.

“ I think,” said Douglas, “ gentlemen, ’tis unnecessary to carry on this farce any farther. Let us turn these two fellows out of the house, and settle matters as we are empowered to do by my uncle’s will in your possession.”

“ I had the will,” said old Mr. Longhead, “ and have sent it to Edinburgh to be registered.”

“ It is some forgery,” says Swearwell, “ old Parson, you are going to foist on us.”

Douglas, who had borne insolence to himself, but hearing the fellow presume to talk so to his venerable parent, rising up, collared him, and finally kicked him out of the room.

Measures were taken for speedily arranging all the concerns of the estate.

The trustees gave Mrs. Douglas to understand that they would permit her, on account of her having been the wife of a gentleman they loved, to have the mansion-house

house and garden in addition to her jointure, as long as she continued to behave decently, but that if Swearwell were suffered to come to Tay Bank-house she should immediately cease to live in it.

The management of various affairs, respecting the estate, having detained our hero several weeks, in Perthshire, he received an invitation from Sir Duncan Dismal to spend a day at the castle. Although Sir Duncan's talents and attainments were by no means such as could render his company pleasant to a youth of genius and learning, he, at the earnest request of Mr. Longhead, consented. Mr. Longhead, sensible as he was, had one foible, too overweening an admiration of persons of rank, especially if he himself, or his children, happened to be related to any such. He, with much delight, used to recount, to his friends, the degree of consanguinity between his family and sprigs of quality, remembered by *many* to have once *existed*, but forgotten by *MORE* mere existence, not  
being

being a safeguard against oblivion, even though the said existence might have been decorated with a title. Sir Duncan was a relation of Mr. Longhead's family, and, moreover, Lord Mungo Mackalpine, Angus Augtermoughty, Lord Lochloche, and many others of the most ancient of these of the nobility, whose *historical exploits, viz. their birth, marriages and intermarriages, and procreation of children*, are annually narrated in that excellent performance the Edinburgh Almanack, or Scots Register.

Douglas was not altogether so much dazzled by the lustre of *these achievements*, glorious as they were, and worthy of record, as to attach himself to the personages *so* distinguished; he, however, in compliance with his grandfather, accompanied the old gentleman to the mansion-house of Sir Duncan. Leaving their chaise at the inn, as the Baronet's hospitality, being on a saving plan, did not extend to the *horses* of his guests, they betook themselves

selves to the castle, and were shewn into a drawing-room that was commonly used by the family, unless when Lord Mungo, or any other visitant of such eminence, caused the opening of the great room. It was a rule with Sir Duncan to suffer his guests (those excepted who were deemed worthy of the principal apartment aforesaid) to wait a considerable time before he honoured them with his presence; this he did not from any business he had to dispatch, but to impress his visitants with what he conceived an adequate idea of his dignity, and with some of them it answered the purpose.

Mr. Longhead and his grandson went on with a dissertation on the improving state of agriculture in that part of Scotland, which the aspect of the farms had suggested to them as they contemplated the culture and ripened crops on the rich and beautiful *haughs*,\* the grand and ro-

\* Tracks of level ground by the banks of a river.



mantic slopes. During their ride thence, they were diverted by manufactures, which Charles said he thought might soon be brought to advance in an equally rapid degree, as there was abundance of both vegetable and mineral materials, and the increase of fir plantations might supply the decay of peat; for such processes as required considerable quantities of fuel. Mr. Longhead said that no foundry or metal manufactory could succeed without abundance of coals, and was beginning to illustrate his position, when the door opened, and the servant announced the honourable Mrs. Margery Macruther, to whom Mr. Longhead very civilly paid his respects, which she as politely returned, honouring him with the appellation of cousin. Mrs. Margery was a maiden lady, then on a visit to Sir Duncan, and, though he was a bachelor, without any imputation of impropriety, she being in the seventy-fourth year of her age. But though, censorious as the world is, it abstained from charging this



this step of Mrs. Margery with the character of levity and imprudence, so delicately attentive was she to her reputation, that she never failed to apologize to her friends for visiting the house of a bachelor, even though guarded by the company of his sister, Miss Dorothy Dismal. Mr. Longhead presented his grandson to this honourable maiden, who, regarding him with much complacency, declared both his face and person was a compound of the features and shape of the Macruther and Dismal families, to both of which, he was, she said, nearly related by his great grand-mother's side; and being profoundly conversant in the history of these families, in all their ramifications, undertook to instruct him in their births, marriages, and deaths, for two centuries, a subject new to our hero; for though entertained with genealogical lectures by his aunt, Miss Douglas, they turned entirely on the Tay Bank family. Mrs. Macgruther explained to him the subjects of the various pictures with which the

the

the apartment was hung; and conceiving his silence to proceed from admiration of the actions she recounted, conducted him to the anti-chamber, where she pointed to a groupe, the most prominent figure of which, a young man in a Highland dress, appeared to our hero to be poking a long stick against *a sow's side*; but Mrs. Macgruther informed him that it was one of the most illustrious heroes of the Dismal family piercing a wild boar with a spear which (said she) you see is buried in the furious beast's flank; a most inimitable picture, an honour to the artist, buried so closely, said Mr. Longhead, that it has left no outlet for the blood. "I protest you are right," said the lady, "I forgot that circumstance; but, *bating the blood*, you must allow it a most admirable representation."—"As to that," said Mr. Longhead, "I think a little *red ink* might remedy that defect."—"It is very just," said she; "a very good expedient. I shall set about it immediately."—"Or, to hit the likeness more nearly,"

nearly," said Douglas, " I think red paint would answer better. I observed a painter employed on the garden-gate, as we came through the avenue."—" A most ingenious thought," replied the lady; " as soon as I have explained to you the achievements of Sir Malcolm Dismal, the conqueror of that savage creature, I shall apply to Sir Duncan immediately to order the *carpenter to mend the picture*; I am extremely fond of pictures, and reckoned a connoisseur in them;"—" and with great justice, I perceive," said Douglas; to which compliment she returned her simpering thanks. Going on with Sir Malcolm's history, she had conducted him to the house of Lord Macgruther, whose daughter he sought and obtained in marriage; a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, great aunt to Mrs. Margery, and whom she in her youth had been said very much to resemble. The marriage ceremony, supper, and ball, were accurately detailed, the son and heir was born; but, before he was brought to manhood,

hood, a print unluckily catching Charles's eye, which he found to be HOGARTH'S MARCH OF THE GUARDS, he forgot Sir Malcolm and the family picture. Before Mrs. Macgruther perceived the absence of Charles's attention, Sir Duncan made his appearance, and, after the usual compliments, was so condescending as to acknowledge Douglas by the title of cousin.

"I know your father, my young cousin, very well; we were schoolfellows: though I (he continued) be much younger than he. (Here the Baronet changed chronological stations with his old comrade.) He must be now, near fifty."

"He is fifty-five, Sir."

"Impossible! you must be mistaken; forty-nine is the utmost. He is not more than three years older than *I am*."

Douglas acknowledged that he might possibly be mistaken, and Sir Duncan not wishing to investigate the matter too closely, changed the conversation. He then asked some questions about Douglas's  
views

views in life, and with much graciousness said, he would be happy to afford any patronage in his power to a young man who had some of the blood of the family in his veins, and “I hope,” said he, “you do not value yourself the less, Mr. Douglas, that you can with truth assert, ‘I am cousin to Sir Duncan Dismal—’”

“And to Murdoch Lord Macgruther,” said Mrs. Margery. “No, I’ll answer for the young gentleman, he thinks the more highly of himself, for being sprung from *noble* blood.”

Douglas answered more as politeness, than sense and feeling directed. Sir Duncan blamed him for not having *ventured* to visit him in London.

“Though I confess,” said he, “I do not dislike modesty in a young man, which might have, perhaps, deterred you from coming to my house; but you should have recollected that you are my relation, and, therefore, entitled to my *countenance and protection*. Besides, your whole family  
is

is as respectable as any gentleman's in the country, and surpassed by *none untitled*. As no man, not even my neighbour, Lord Lochside, nor my dear friend the Earl of Rackrent, need be ashamed of having the descendant of the Tay Bank family in his house." This kind of talk lasted till they were summoned to dinner, and joined by Miss Dorothy Dismal, a lady not exceeding the half of Mrs. Macgruther's age, but tall, thin, starched, reserved and cold. Sir Duncan spoke little, Miss Dorothy less; Mrs. Macgruther was sufficiently loquacious; but as her discourse turned chiefly on the achievements of her family, her loquacity was very tiresome to Douglas, to whom, as a stranger, her communications were principally directed.

After the ladies were departed, Sir Duncan said to Douglas, "I suppose you have been to wait on the Earl of Rackrent."

"I am not acquainted with the Earl."

"*Acquainted with him!*" said the other.

"I do not suppose you are; but it is be-



fitting a young man, from this country, to try to have the honour to be *known* to my friend the Earl. It is, indeed, a duty you owe his rank, and your own situation, to request his permission to pay your respects to him."

"But how," said Douglas, "are ~~my~~ situation and his rank connected? I have no favour to ask of him, and have, therefore, no more reason to wish for his acquaintance than he for mine."

"Good God, young man, you astonish me; these are very strange principles. Are you a *leveller*?"

"Far from it; I respect the peerage as AN ORDER INDISPENSIBLY NECESSARY FOR THE BALANCE OF THE CONSTITUTION, but that is in their corporate, not their individual, capacity. *Individuals, whether peers or commons*, I respect in proportion to THEIR WISDOM AND VIRTUE, and wish to associate with them, or not, according as I find their manners, habits, situations, and mine admit of a close intercourse."

"These



“ These are very erroneous notions, Mr. Douglas,” said Sir Duncan, “ and you ought to abandon them.”

“ Whenever I am convinced they are erroneous, I shall.”

“ And do you not respect property as a constituent of importance?”

“ I most certainly do, as a much more solid and substantial constituent than mere rank; and I think that the more legislation is in the hands of wisdom to guide, virtue to dispose, and property to attach, the greater the chance of good government. I should not, however, respect any individual one whit more for his property but for its use.”

“ These are romantic ideas; I myself think property very contemptible in point of rank and birth; but, take my word, you ought to pay your respects to his Lordship. Don't you think so, Mr. Long-head?”

“ Why,” said he, “ I wish he would,

and have asked him to do so, but cannot prevail."

A servant hastily brought a note, which Sir Duncan was going to make an apology for opening, when, perceiving the seal, he thought none necessary, and, hastily reading it, ran out of the room.

A great bustle was heard on the stairs, and the house throughout, at last Sir Duncan came to them, and, with a face of great importance and delight, informed them his Lordship of Rackrent had been a shooting in the neighbouring hills, and was coming to take a late dinner at the castle, and spend the evening; and the butler coming in, asked if he would not have the India Madeira and the Claret with the blue seal, and was answered in the affirmative. Sir Duncan observing their bottle of Port finished, very *politely* asked if they would have another bottle, or would prefer a glass of the Sherry that remained in the *decanter*. Douglas refused either, and rose to depart, being,

being, as his grandfather knew, engaged to spend the evening at a gentleman's where they had called in their way to the castle, and asked his grandfather at what hour, the next day, he should call for him with the chaise.

Sir Duncan expressed his surprize at this movement, and expected, he said, that Mr. Douglas (whose elegant appearance and graceful manners made him desirous of introducing him to the Earl as his cousin and *under his patronage*) would stay and be presented to Lord Rackrent, as such an opportunity might not again easily occur.

Douglas mentioned his engagement.

“ Pooh, ” said Sir Duncan, “ *my* invitation and the occasion is an excuse for failing in such an appointment; so take your chair, young man.”

“ I wish you a good evening, Sir Duncan, and return you thanks for your politeness, which has made on me the just impression.”

Sir Duncan, taking this for a compliment, repeated his request; but, finding his application unavailing, desisted. Passing through the village, he at the inn met his friend to whose house he was going, and who had come so far in hopes of meeting him. They soon arrived at a most chearful house, delightfully situated, and found the gentleman's family with smiling looks and engaging manners ready to receive them; and two or three visitants, old acquaintances of our hero's; knowing the usual bounds of Sir Duncan's hospitality, his friend had (after introducing him to the ladies into the tea-parlour) desired them to postpone their tea, and walk to the fidler's, that he might hasten to his appointment. This was only a mere stratagem of hospitality, that he might have an opportunity of attending to Douglas for the defect of that virtue in another. He conducted him to the dining parlour, where a table was set with excellent port; the glass went jovially round, so as to make the Baronet's half  
pint

pint a bottle, when Douglas, perceiving from the window the ladies returned, insisted on immediately joining them at the tea-table. The young ladies of the house were three in number, all in the bloom of youth and beauty, with the most elegant manners, and one of them exquisitely charming, especially in the eyes of Charles, as she greatly resembled in face, countenance, and figure, his beloved Isabella.

A violin and violincello soon made their appearance, and Charles was agreeably surprised to find Neil Gow, though near twenty miles from his own habitation, was to be the leader of the band, so well had his host ordered matters; favoured, indeed, in some degree by accident, Neil having been at Lochside House, at a much smaller distance. The neighbouring gentry were of the party. They spent the evening with the most agreeable festivity, and Charles, in the kind heart of his present entertainer, and manners, and accomplishments, and charms of his daughters, soon forgot

the tiresome clack of Mrs. Macgruther, and the supercilious arrogance of the pompous, weak, and ignorant Sir Duncan Dismal.

Charles, having the next day called for his grandfather, returned to Tay Bank; and having, on examining the papers of the Laird more particularly, found memorandums of sums received by Rhodomontade, and not accounted for, applied to his friend for advice, how he was to make him refund. Wiseman, on enquiry, learned he had been in the practice of granting receipts to the tenants, in the late Laird's name. They were accordingly assembled, and produced receipts for four years, signed by Rhodomontade, for sums amounting to 2600*l.* being two thirds of the rent in that time. The other payments had, it appeared, been receipted by the Laird himself. Trusting to the *will*, Rhodomontade had not taken the precaution to procure, during the inebriation of the Laird, any discharge for this sum. Here, therefore, they



they could prove he received the money, and he was to account for it. Douglas called on him, and desired an account of the expenditure of the money received by him. Rhodomontade not having prepared an answer, said, he would look over his account, and make out the statement in three days. He was as good as his word—and presented a bill, by which he made a balance of 208l. in his own favour. To this our hero very readily answered, that *on the production of authentic vouchers*, the trustees would give a draft on the Bank of Scotland for the balance. Rhodomontade had taken care to have receipts for all the sums expended, and saw that 1500l. were to be replaced by him after these were subtracted. He said, therefore, that for the money laid out, he had taken vouchers; but had neglected to use that precaution with what he had paid to the Laird, and that his books would be his vouchers. This reasoning was not convincing—the trustees declared the amount must be im-



mediately restored, or that he would be sued. Rhodomontade knowing *his oath* would have little weight in a Court of Justice, its *value* having been already ascertained, applied to Swearwell. That worthy lawyer would not have scrupled to make any oath Rhodomontade required, on an adequate reward, if he saw a likelihood of being believed; but as he knew how his own credibility stood, and also the glaring circumstances lately brought to light by the discovery of the attempt concerning the will; and as, moreover, the words of Mr. President Dundas, both to himself and his colleague, in another scrape, still rung in his ears, he thought it was prudent to desist.

Rhodomontade, who paid bills with one part, and wasted the other, without applying the acquisitions of his villainy to diminish his mortgages, was obliged to refund, and that by a new mortgage which nearly equalled the product of his estate before so much dipt. But we must leave these persons,  
and

and also Charles's friends, and attend him to the South.

It was now, when Charles returned to London, autumn 1792. Douglas's private business had prevented him, for several months, from paying particular attention to the politics of the times. On coming to London, he found that the practical doctrines of Paine spread through a variety of channels, some of them circuitous, but others direct. Government had, some months before, issued out the proclamation against seditious principles and societies, and, during the sitting of parliament, these appeared to have undergone a check. During the recess, the public ferment had risen to a most dangerous degree. Corresponding societies had been formed in every part of the country to disseminate the publications of Paine, and all writings favourable to the levelling principles and proceedings of the French revolutionists. As the wishes of many either profligate or misguided Britons now beat high for a subver-

sion of our establishments, their hopes of success became sanguine, and their projects daringly nefarious; partly from the rapidly increasing dissemination of the new opinions and sentiments at home, and partly from foreign events. The dethronement of the King of France, the massacres of the anti-levellers, and the retreat of the army from which the re-establishment of regular government was expected, under the restrictions and corrections which were in that country necessary to secure its beneficial operation, raised the hopes of English republicans to the most undoubting expectation. They publicly expressed their joy and gratulations on what they considered as the death-blow to monarchy.

Some days after Charles's return he had a visit from Sidney, who, he understood, had frequently been at his mother's in his absence, and, as he suspected, from the countenance of his sister, had renewed to her, and not without effect, attentions which Charles would have by no means encouraged.

couraged. The emotion of Louisa, when from the window she beheld him at the gate, did not tend to diminish the uneasy conjecture of her brother. Sidney being shewn into a different apartment, was soon joined by Douglas, whose reception of him was much cooler than from their long intimacy *merely* might have been expected. Sidney did not appear to remark this, for he immediately opened subjects relating to himself, with a degree of confidential communication, which Douglas would have been much better content if withheld. After very little preface, Sidney began, "Egad, Charles, I have got into a devilish scrape; you remember that girl that went down with us last year in the hoy?"

"Well, Sir."

"I dare say you suspected, as we left Margate at the same time, that she and I had eloped together."

"Then you dare say I suspected very ill of you."

"O, Lord! a truce with your morality,  
my

my good friend, and assist me in extricating myself."

"Proceed, Sir, if you please."

"She was a devilish nice girl," said the other, "and really more stubborn than I should have expected. The *Circulating Library* was, however, of great assistance to me; I purposely chose those books that relax what they call female virtue, but which is, in fact, nothing else but female pride, founded upon false education, as indeed, Mrs. Wollstonecroft very evidently makes out in her *Rights of Woman*. 'Why,' says that great philosopher, who is certainly born to give a new turn to affairs and opinions, 'should chastity be a more estimable quality in woman than in man?' Why, indeed, but from the aristocratic monopoly to which we owe marriage, property, positive laws, and every other absurd institution. I put into her hand the novels that teach that, what is called female frailty, is not, in the least, inconsistent with every good quality; and also those others which

which inflame the mind with pictures of the exquisite pleasures of hidden love. In short,—what with Mrs. Wollstonecroft's divine work, and the *sweet sentimental effusions of female novelists*, softening the alledged evil, describing the real good of the intercourse of nature, not without succour from the doctrines of the glorious Tom Croft, exhibiting the absurdity of all laws between the sexes, but those that love has made, (for little Subtlewould, you know, had not then systematised true philosophy,)—we obeyed the laws of nature, without the absurd formality of tyrannic institution."

"In plain English," said Douglas, "with the assistance of books, unhinging principles, and seducing affections, you have debauched the girl."

"I admit your terms," said Sidney, "merely as expressing an unformal exercise of natural right, but not if you mean it as expressive of a deviation from virtue."

"Well, Sir, as we shall not agree in our  
moral



moral sentiments, be so good as to proceed with your narrative."

"Well, Sir, to town we went. I concealed her in town, not that I thought it was an action in itself requiring concealment, but because the prejudices of the old system were still so prevalent that, without secrecy, obedience to our affections might have been interrupted. The prejudices of early education were not altogether overcome in the mind of Eliza; often would she reproach me with being the cause of what she called, in the vulgar language, her ruin. Still she acknowledged it was an intercourse for which her heart had long panted.\* Her father and mother were complete slaves to old prejudice; having conceived some idea, or at least received some information, that she was with me, they came both one

\* Eliza was not singular in these feelings, as we may see from the philosopher Godwin's account of those of his wife, previous to the happiness on which she descants, that she afterwards enjoyed on being the kept mistress of Mr. Imlay.

morning.



morning to my avowed lodgings, and prayed me, as they expressed it, for the sake of Heaven, to restore their daughter; that she had been the joy and pride of their life while she was innocent, by which they meant before she had acted as became a disciple of the enlightened; that, although she must have fallen, yet they would protect her from farther disgrace; for such, under the absurdity of the present institutions, do the most meritorious actions excite. So absurd, indeed, were those persons, as to be infinitely more affected by what they esteemed a misfortune of their own child, than if she had been that of any other person.\* The effect of our passion was a son. About this time, I felt

\* If any reader is so much tinctured with the old notions as to think it right for parents to mind the happiness of their own children more than any others, as we must acknowledge we have no arguments to offer against the old system, we must refer him to the authority of philosopher Godwin.—See *Political Justice, passim*.

my

my inclination towards Eliza by no means so warm as it had been at the commencement of our intimacy. I found myself strongly prompted to inconstancy, a circumstance I regretted the more, as from her absurd \* prejudices I was obliged to  
secrecy,

\* The philosopher Godwin in enumerating the advantages to accrue from the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, and the abolition of marriage, manifests principles still more enlightened than those of Sidney—"It is," says he, "a question of *some* moment, whether the intercourse of the sexes in a reasonable state of society will be wholly pernicious, or whether each man will select for himself a partner, to whom he will adhere as long as that adherence shall continue to be the choice of both parties. The general probability seems to be in favour of the latter. Perhaps this side of the alternative is most favourable to propagation. Certainly no ties ought to be imposed upon either party, preventing them from quitting the attachment, whenever their judgement directs them to quit it. With respect to such *infidelities as are compatible with an intention to adhere to it, the point of principal importance is a determination to have recourse to no species of disguise.*"

"Incon-

secrecy, as she, from want of habits of just reasoning, would have been rendered unhappy by the avowal. A few weeks ago her friends discovered that she was with me, and declared that they would commence an action for seduction as soon as the term opened. This action will, no doubt, put me to a considerable incon-

“ Inconstancy, like any other temporary dereliction, would not be found incompatible with a character of uncommon excellence. What at present renders it in many instances peculiarly loathsome *is its being practised in a clandestine manner*. It seems material to observe, that when just notions upon this subject shall be formed, the inconstancy of either sex would be estimated at precisely the same value. The mutual kindness of persons of an opposite sex will, in such a state, fall under the same system as any other species of friendship. But ‘ it may happen that other men will feel for her the same preference that I do.’— ‘ This will create no difficulty. *We may ALL enjoy her conversation.* It is by no means necessary that the female with whom each man has commerce should appear to each the most deserving and excellent of her sex.” See Godwin’s *Political Justice*. VOL. II. p. 500.

venience

venience and expence, as neither the juries nor judges are enlightened. Lord Kenyon himself is so far from being a disciple of the true philosophy, that there is not a more obstinate and effectual supporter in this country, or in any other country, of those banes of political justice—property, and marriage. On the last subject this prejudiced, unenlightened Judge, is the most determined enemy of every deviation from the absurd promises which form the absurd basis of that most absurd institution. He is a friend to the aristocratic monopoly, which makes chastity a great constituent of female morality. Were that unphilosophical prejudiced person to study under Wollstonecroft, and the author of *Political Justice*, and imbibe their wisdom, how different would his judgements be from what they now are. But, firm in his prejudiced absurdity, I'm afraid it will be impossible for me to impress conviction on him."

"What conviction," said Douglas, "do  
you

you wish to impress on him? or on what do you mean to rest your defence?"

"On the law of nature, on which all positive institutions is tyrannical usurpation."

"Have you applied to any counsellor?"

"Yes, and to a counsellor who is not without a disposition to the true philosophy, but his perception of it is hitherto dim. He tells me I shall certainly be cast, as it is, he says, a very aggravated case, and here, (continued he, smiling,) I will shew you an instance of the prevalence of those absurd prejudices which I doubt not will be eradicated from your mind (though strongly attached to them) as soon as you have read that illustrious monument of the most enlarged comprehensive wisdom, of the most complete and beneficial morality, *The Political Justice*. You must know that Eliza's prejudices were so deeply rooted in her mind, that, warmly as she panted for the commerce, yet she positively declared, that she  
would

would not consent to be happy without requiring from me, what she called, a most sacred promise, that I should subject myself to the institution. I long argued on the absurdity of being governed by a form.\* However, as she would not otherwise comply, I gave her the promise; but her absurdity arose to a still greater height, for she afterwards expected performance. Promises are in themselves evils; the right or wrong of performance depends on the continuance

\* The same philosopher that has been mentioned perfectly coincides with the opinion here expressed by Sidney, as formerly cited in his *Political Justice*, and illustrated in his history of the life, literary and amorous adventures, of his spouse. "Certainly," says he, "nothing can be so ridiculous upon the face of it, or so contrary to the genuine marks of sentiments, as to require the overflowing of the soul to wait upon a ceremony; and that which, wherever *delicacy* and imagination exist, is, of all things, most sacredly private; to blow a trumpet before it, and to record the moment when it arrived at its climax." Many readers will perhaps be, from this passage, convinced of the *delicate sentiments* of the philosopher, as of his virtuous principles and logical reasoning.

of



of the promiser, or non-continuance of the motive. When I made that promise, I made it for the attainment of a particular object which the folly and ignorance of the promise made unattainable without it. She ought to have exacted no promise, because all promises are evils. The promise, on my part, was extorted *per* force; she compelled me to do it for a gratification which I deemed necessary to my happiness. It was a promise to do that which was in itself absurd; besides, respecting all positive agreements, and, indeed, every other subject of conduct, every man is endued with a discretion, according to which he, individually, is to determine and act, totally regardless of either private engagement or public law.\* Unfortunately I once or  
twice

\* As this is a doctrine that many readers may not admit on the authority of Sidney, we must refer them to the authority of Godwin. "Promises," says he, "are, absolutely considered, an evil; and stand in opposition to the genuine and wholesome exercise



twice wrote to her letters containing the desired promise, otherwise there could be no evidence.

exercise of an intellectual nature. — So far as they may have any effect, they depose us, as to the particular to which they relate, from the use of our understanding; they call off our attention from the direct tendencies of our conduct, and fix it upon a merely local and precarious consideration. There may be cases in which they are necessary and ought to be employed, but we should never suffer ourselves, by their temporary utility, to be induced to forget their intrinsic nature, and the *demerits* which adhere to them, independently of any peculiar concurrence of circumstances." The same general doctrine the philosopher applies to oaths, treaties, and every species of compact. Every individual has a right to, what is called by the philosopher, discretion, which is to judge, in every case, of the propriety or impropriety of the observance of such compacts or treaties. No other individual, and no set of men, has the least right to interfere in compelling performance. If, according to the philosopher's principles, I borrow a sum of money, I have a motive for that borrowing; the motive may be good or bad, but of that I am the sole judge. I contract to repay it. Why do I contract? For a very obvious reason, because I could not get it without that engagement. Must I then repay?

evidence. Another thing in which the prejudices of Eliza is the means of great inconvenience to me, and indeed of uneasiness, because it is diametrically opposite to the most rational notions of Political Justice, is in the disposal of the child. She wished to have it with herself, in order to cherish it under her own care. I represented to her that a child had no more

repay? the lender may be right in asking repayment, or may be wrong, but of that he is the sole judge. I may be right, or may be wrong, in refusing repayment, but of that I'm the sole judge. I must consult my own reason, draw my own conclusions, and conform myself to *my* ideas of propriety; therefore, if I can make a better use of the money at the time, I ought then to keep it; and if I always think it is better in my hands than in those of any body else, I ought always to keep it; but of that I only am to judge. Actions of debt, being attempts to compel a man, by force, to do that to which he has no inclination, are the usurpations of tyrannic institution over the independence of individual actions. Thus saith the modern Pythagoras, and, with his admiring disciples, his assertion is sufficient evidence; IPSE DIXIT.

title to the care of its parent than to that of any other person; that what is called parental affection is a prejudice and predilection for a part; whereas, all affection ought to extend to the whole of mankind. Parental affection also begets other partial prepossessions, such as filial love, fraternal love: ‘Indeed, my dear Eliza,’ I said, ‘one of the greatest objections that can be adduced against marriage, by philosophers, is its tendency to generate parental, filial, and fraternal partialities, which gradually extend to that most absurd and pernicious prejudice of preference of our own country to others.’ The preclusion of family connections is, I make no doubt, Douglas, one reason that renders the illustrious Godwin so friendly to unrestrained concubinage. The ingenious Croft, I know, has frequently declared, that though he has five children, no two of them are by the same woman; they are dispersed in various workhouses, so as to be effectually debarred from the absurdity of fraternal partiality, although  
it

it is with regret he acknowledges that they are inured to obedience, one of the most destructive habits, as the great Godwin observes in that part of his *Political Justice*, which treats on education, which a child can learn. But to return to my subject, Eliza prevailed. Now, my dear Douglas, from the absurd inequalities of property, from the severe interdictions on those who should, consistently with true philosophy, exert their discretion, as explained by the father of true philosophy; in making such subtractions from the rich, as should suit their own convenience, I cannot, so imperfect is the state of society, equalize property, and so supply my own deficiency. My own fortune is entirely spent; trusting to the received prejudices of relations I applied to my uncle—he would not advance a farthing. An attorney has promised me, if I will give him a hundred pounds, to get back the letters which constitute the sole evidence of the promise of marriage. As all obligations of that sort are an in-

fringement of positive institution on natural right, I certainly should not hesitate to have the usurpation cancelled; I therefore request, my dear Charles, that you will accommodate me with two hundred pounds to enable me to take the proper precautions to guard against the disagreeable effects of law, that vile oppressor of natural liberty."

"Mr. Sidney," replied Charles, solemnly, "had you simply stated to me that you were in want of the sum of money you mentioned, although, heaven knows, I am far from being rich, I should have, out of the legacy left me, when a boy, by my grandfather, endeavoured to supply you; but the general tenor of your discourse, the principles you have declared, the narrative which is illustrated by practical application, the specific purpose to which you profess your intentions of applying part of the money, prevent me from offering you the assistance which you request. By your own account you debauched a girl under a promise

a promise of marriage, committed the promise to writing; you were not sincere in the promise, you swindled her out of her chastity, you ridicule her for having the folly to suppose that you were not faithless, you vindicate the non-performance of your promise by declaring your original insincerity; you say, that even if you had been sincere, a subsequent change in your inclination was a sufficient reason for departure from your promise. Your conduct is totally inconsistent with every principle of beneficial jurisprudence, as in your idea of suborning treachery, in order to destroy just right, your intentions are totally inconsistent with every principle of sound ethics. In support of such extravagant doctrines, and in vindication of such acts, I find nothing but the authority of Tom Croft, or Godwin, whom you style the philosopher. Knowing, Sidney, your lively genius, and your talent for humorous exhibition, had I not been assured that the case, respecting the young lady, is not fictitious, but real,



I should have supposed that you were indulging your satirical talents, by representing the absurdities of a new system of Political Justice; and that, in order to make it the more ridiculous, you were aggravating it by a caricature; but from your general manner, as well as your concluding request, I take it for granted you are in earnest. I must, therefore, tell you that the intellectual theory, which you maintain upon the authority of this Godwin, seems to me fit only for Bedlam, while the moral practice deducible, and by you deduced from it, naturally leads to the gallows. I will not assist you in an attempt to evade the laws of our country; at the same time, I will, to the utmost of my ability, endeavour to ward off from you poignant distress."

"Why," said Sidney, "I should hope that for the next term the trial may be put off, and I doubt not, but even before that expires, or, at farthest, before a new term is entered on, a new order of things will  
have



have existed, and principles of government consonant to reason, morals, and political justice will be in a fair way of being established. Old usurpations will give way to the energy of truth, which Paine has moved. Privileged orders are, by the prophetic Barlow, warned of their approaching downfall. Christie has, in the government of France, depicted a model for the imitation of Britain; while Godwin, abstracting from particular cases, and generalizing, has exhibited those principles on which all political machines must be constructed, if they would answer the eternal purposes of political justice. The absurd cement of religious creeds has been dissolved in the Priestleyan fire. The elevated mind of David Disbelief has risen from the absurdity of particular dogmata, to the general absurdity, to the principle from which they are derived. He teaches independent and triumphant reason to trust to itself alone and to disprove the existence of any

F 4                      intelligence

intelligence beyond what we see. He denies all wisdom superior to his own."

"Were I disposed to jest," said Douglas, "on so serious a subject, I should say, that the denials of David Disbelief must be very multifarious if he denies the existence of every wisdom superior to his own. Disbelief, as I understand, is a preacher of atheism; at the same time, his arguments are too frivolous and contemptible for serious confutation. His proselytes are; I understand, a few of the weakest and ignorant of dissenting pulpit mongers and field preachers, with their equally weak votaries, who (both preachers and hearers) were too contemptible to be applied to by Priestley as converts, or employed as agents of his, though wicked, great schemes of schism and sedition. Priestley, really, a man of great abilities and great ambition, made able men his tools. David Disbelief, shewy and specious, has few admirers, but among those who are too contemptible for being desired as retainers by any other person.

son. But pray, how do you from the writings of Disbelief, Paine, Priestley, Christie, and Barlow, prove the approaching downfall of this government?"

" Their writings and those of other men of genius and philosophy," said Sidney, " combined with the French Revolution, have spread, and are spreading, principles of reason and liberty, which the majority of the nation has already imbibed. A nation can be free if it will. This nation will be free, and will break its chains on the heads of its oppressors. I think the defeat of the despots abroad, and the encouragement of the sons of freedom in France, justly elated with the triumph of philosophy over prejudice, will stimulate the enlightened in this country to assert successfully the rights of man, and that the vindication will begin ere long; so that positive law, courts of justice, and every absurd remnant of prejudice and ignorance, will give way before the powerful armament of reason."

" But on what grounds do you expect

the overthrow of the existing establishments, before the commencement of the January term? I should think that so speedy a dissolution of so massy a fabric you cannot anticipate in so short a time, from the mere sap of opinion, unless there be a particular conspiracy carrying on that may be expected to cause a sudden explosion."

"As to the conspiracy," said Sidney, "I don't know of any particular plot for overthrowing the present constitution, but I know there is a general plan of light and philosophy which will overturn all constitutions."

"Why, then," returned Douglas, "what you say does not call so much for judicial enquiry as for deliberate wisdom. Special punishment is not at present the object, but general caution. But to return to our subject," said he, going to a bureau, "here are fifty pounds for your immediate expences, and, believe me, there must be a great deviation in you, from the practice as  
well

well as the theory of the ruinous system of morals, before I shall cease to consider Sidney as my friend. But I advise you to investigate, much more profoundly than you have done, the moral and political systems which you now support. I exhort you to reflect on your conduct to this young lady, estimating it by the old and useful criterion of good faith and sound morality, and to consider your fancies respecting a change of the present constitution, and avoid, at least, the practice of that part of the new system, before you commit yourself too far."

Sidney thanked Douglas very warmly for the supply, and soon after took his leave, leaving a deep impression on his friend's mind of the dangerous effects of sophistry like Godwin's. Meanwhile, the republicans and levellers of England, became so elevated by the battle of Jemappe, that they did not conceal their intention of subverting the government. Members of the Corresponding and Constitutional Societies,

cieties, planned the revolutionary system that was to be established by them in England, when their favourite hero, Dumourier, should have time to co-operate with them in the great work of renovation. The most contemptible individuals talked of speedy exaltation, and their respective societies and clubs parroted what they said. The violence of the people burst forth in tumult, in various parts of the country. A patriotic gentleman, justly concluding that much of these proceedings arose not from intention on the side of the commonality, but from ignorance, and listening to evil counsellors, proposed setting up a counter-association, which was accordingly done in November, and, next to the vigilance of government, that association saved the country. The decree of the French Convention stirring up foreign nations to rebellion, their corresponding with democratical societies in England, their ambitious projects in general, and their breach of treaties, respecting the Scheldt in particular, made hostilities



hostilities on the part of this country unavoidable. The commencement of the war with France, deprived Douglas of the company of his brother Dudley, as the regiment of that young officer was ordered abroad, under the Duke of York. Charles was directing himself to the study of the laws of his country, without the least idea that the wild, metaphysical, fanciful, and nonsensical notions of the apes of philosophy, would make any important change in the constitution of Britain, and prevent him from acting as a counsellor, according to the common and statute law, civil and criminal, now established.

## CHAP. IV.

Advantages to our Hero from the Friendship of Mr. Nevil—Accompanies Wilson and him to the Theatre to see the School for Scandal—Remarks on that Play—Brilliant Wit, strong and versatile Humour—Diversification and Justness of Characters—Strictures on the Character of Joseph—More minute on that of Charles—Sir Oliver Surface—General View of Sheridan's Comic Genius—Observations on the Company--The Duchess and her Two fair Daughters—the Duke of ———, The Duke of Quondam—Such Individuals as Quondam are no Arguments against the Peerage in general—Account of a chubby-faced Person, suddenly raised from being Master of a trading Ship, to be an ancient Peer, with the Trouble given him by the Etiquettes of his new Dignity—History of Mrs. Belfast, and her Musical Parties.

**I**N his sound and wise principles of morals and politics, Douglas had an able director in Mr. Nevil, and also an experienced and judicious counsellor in affairs of business. Nevil was a man of fashion, as well as  
of

of understanding and experience, and frequently conducted Charles both to private parties and to places of public resort. One evening, they, together with Wilson, betook themselves to Drury Lane Theatre, where they beheld the most humorous and witty of modern comedies performed. The young men were enraptured with the force and variety of the humour, and the brilliancy of the wit, the various modes and habits of malignancy, or resources of idleness in the different species of slandering characters. The direct sarcasm of Crabtree, the epigrammatic malice of Sir Benjamin Backbite, the pointed irony and inuendos of Lady Sneerwell; the affected good nature and rankling calumny of Mrs. Candour, drew forth the merited praise. The finely contrasted characters of Joseph and Charles, though not new in kind, yet new as adapted to the age, Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, common as the subject was, in the mere circumstance of their relative ages and former situations, yet new, in the ingenious, just, and

and refined humour of the whole characters, and above all, the force of self-love, in the cause of Sir Oliver Surface's forgiveness of his nephew: the plot, the incidents, and characters; the humour, the wit, the genius, spreading themselves over every part of the performance, gave them a degree of pleasure, which, as men of taste, knowledge, and comprehension of life, manners, and human nature, they could not derive from any other theatrical performance of modern times. Its excellence, however, did not prevent them from perceiving some striking defects. The preference of generosity to justice, or, in other words, the praise bestowed on a profuse young man, who lavishes in donations the property of other people, is of a very bad tendency; the worse as he is arrayed in so many agreeable qualities as to give, among undistinguishing auditors, a currency to unsound opinions and pernicious sentiments. Joseph, as a designing sentimental hypocrite, meets with the fate  
which

which hypocrisy often meets, he is detected and exposed: In that view, the description of Joseph is just and salutary. Just in shewing what actually takes place in life, salutary by exhibiting knavery as short sighted policy, and not permanently productive of the advantages which it seeks. Joseph is punished, and in that view, exhibits the connection between wickedness and suffering. In holding up, however, the hypocrite to the deserved detestation, the author makes sentimental morality odious to those who take his view of it; and as there is no connection between the utterance of moral sentiment and hypocrisy, the representation of a connection is faulty, and may mislead weak minds. Charles, an extravagant, profligate young man, who runs through his fortune, makes a jest of disappointing his creditors, raises money on the most desperate terms, to throw away in gambling and revelling, who, when he appears to be charitable, squanders money that ought to be appropriated to his just debts,

debts, raised to affluence, through caprice, and, in consequence of that affluence, successful in his love and happy, is not an historically true account of life, not a just imitation of what takes place in society, as thoughtless, prodigal young men, careless about the payment of their debts, do not generally become independent, affluent, respectable and happy; their qualities and habits are not means which lead to those ends. Such a representation inculcates a bad moral lesson, the indulgence of dissipation, even to extravagance and injustice, and not only escaping with impunity, but receiving very great reward. The author has, in this character, exhibited a fictitious view of human nature, and a fictitious view, leading to immoral conduct. This was the criticism of the two young gentlemen, assisted by Mr. Nevil. Mr. Nevil summed up their opinions in a few words, "Mr. Sheridan," says he, "perhaps may not in this play discover, that profound knowledge of the human mind, that would  
fit



fit him for an analysis of it in the moral philosophy chair of Dr. Ferguson, nor such accurate notions of practical morality as some may derive from a Porteus or a Blair; but still this is a performance of very penetrating genius, brilliant fancy, vigorous conception, and acute discrimination, beyond the compass of most men. I wish he would again return to the theatre. His talents, conjoined with his habits, appear fitter for producing works of ingenuity, fancy, and invention, by occasional efforts, than for that laborious examination of facts which must precede accurate knowledge of complicated and multifarious political details, as that accurate knowledge must precede generalization, and legitimate deduction. On political subjects you will find Mr. Sheridan often wrong, not from want of powers of reasoning, but want of industry of enquiry. Hence on cases which call for information—you have genius; you may be pleased with his humour, delighted with his wit, transported by his fancy, but  
then

then you have not the facts; you have not the data on which to ground conclusions. The brilliancy of his ludicrous and serious imagery, his keen and poignant observations, are rarely relative to the truth or falsehood of the position to be proved, to the right or wrong of the measure proposed."

Their strictures on the play, and its author, did not hinder them from attending to other objects.

"Who," said Douglas, "Mr. Nevil, is that thin gentleman in the Prince's box, with several ladies?"

"That is a nobleman of a very amiable and respectable character, once in office with the present ministry, and, though I think he has judged wrong lately, on some political subjects, yet I am convinced that he now acts, as he always has acted, from most upright and conscientious motives. He is, besides, a very accomplished man, and has taste and literature. I have been informed his Grace has a considerable  
degree

degree of comic genius, and fame reports, that now abstracted, in a great degree, from politics, he is employing his talents in producing a comedy for the theatre."

"That lady," said Wilson, "with the amiable and expressive countenance is the Duchess. His Grace sought domestic happiness and found it."

"I need not ask you," said Nevil, "who that is in the next box. O, I know her Grace by sight, and also her two beautiful daughters, Lady Susan, and Lady Louisa. What charming features, sweetness, animation, intelligence, spirit, and sensibility are strongly painted in these fine countenances. His Grace, the young Duke of M——, is said to be on the eve of being happy with the elder of these lovely women."

"You know that old gentleman peeping through a spy-glass."

"O, Lord! yes, who does not know him? I suppose there is no opera dance this evening, from his being at the theatre."

"He,"

“ He,” said Wilson, “ was one of the instances from which I used to infer the inefficacy of the peerage to legislative and judicative purposes. I could not think that man the properest that could be found for either a lawgiver or a judge whose chief employment appears to be pursuing what he is unfit to enjoy, and of whom those hours, that are not devoted to watching servant maids and milliner’s apprentices, are spent in examining the stables, or sauntering along the pavement.”

“ I perfectly,” says Nevil, “ agree with you, that a life spent in sauntering, following milliners, or surveying horses, does not qualify a man to be either a legislator or a judge. I will grant that there are others of the peerage, besides old Quondam, whose pursuits are frivolous and despicable, and whose character is insignificant, and, notwithstanding their rank, ridiculous, and even contemptible; but peers, as an ORDER, are of the highest consequence to the balance of the constitution, and are aggregately

gately good lawgivers, because the laws which they propose, or adopt, are aggregately beneficial; and are good judges, as their sentences are aggregately just. The nature of the institution renders it impossible that there should not be fools or fribbles among them, but, as a body, they act wisely and equitably."

"Do you know, Sir," said Douglas, "that nobleman to whom I just now bowed, and who was so polite as to return my attention?"

"Yes, a most amiable and worthy man he is. Where did you become acquainted with him?"

"I was introduced to him at the Scotch Meeting, at the Crown and Anchor, where either he or the Marquis of —— are generally Presidents. He is a great friend to the Scotch Highlanders, and his name is revered among them on account of his general character, but more particularly his procuring the restoration of that dress which their forefathers wore, and arrayed in which  
their

their forefathers so gallantly fought for loyalty and liberty against republicans and levellers under his gallant and able ancestor."

"Do you know," said Mr. Nevil, "that thin, pale-faced, lady, with a plain, good-natured, chubby-looking man behind her?"

"She," said Douglas, "with a very sour-looking woman by her side?"

"The same."

"That is the —— of ——; the cherry-cheeked lusty man is her husband. She herself is a strange compound of vanity and avarice, dashing and meanness. Uninformed, superficial, lively. She married Mr. ——, then commander of a commercial ship, but heir of his cousin's title and estate. Her father having had a large family, and, besides, having an excessive partiality in pecuniary matters for his eldest son, was extremely niggardly in order to heap up riches for that son. His daughters were habituated to the most rigid æconomy, and, by the penury of their father,  
were



were much more debarred from gay and fashionable amusements than other ladies of their age and rank. That one, who has, you see, been tolerably handsome, beheld, with envy, the splendour in which others were allowed to appear. Her elder sister, the dame with her, married a rich man, double her age, and, by that means, became enabled to figure away, if agreeable to her choice. Her ladyship being, as you see, excessively ugly, had no motive in the hopes of admiration to promote her to become gay and fashionable. She had also several points to effect with her husband relatively to the appropriation of his fortune to her and her friends, should he die without heirs, and knew that she would render herself most agreeable to him by domestic attentions. By the same means also she could most completely gratify the penurious inclination in which she had been bred. The younger sister, therefore, derived no assistance, from the establishment of the elder, in promoting her plans of com-

ing into the world. It was necessary for her to look for a rich husband for herself. To attain this important object, she, with a laudable fortitude, determined to sacrifice private affection. Lady Mary regarded, with a partial eye, a handsome youth, the son of a distinguished Judge, but the youth himself, extravagant, and heir to a fortune by no means equal to the additional expenditure of a titled lady, anxious to figure in the ton, was not such a match as prudence dictated. About that time Captain —— returned to his native country, and as he was the undoubted heir of a nobleman, then in a very bad state of health, her Ladyship thought it would be a wise step for her to fall in love with the Captain. The Captain was himself one of the best men breathing, brave, honest, good-natured, kind, but far from being an adept in gallantry. He was an excellent seaman, a faithful and trusty agent in matters of business, but totally unacquainted with matters of love. His intercourse with ladies had been principally

cipally confined to the bar of the Jerusalem Coffee House, where, on receiving his letters from the bar-maid, he, with great civility, though not without bashful hesitation, used to thank her for her care. If from his rank in the service, and his high character as a seaman and an officer, he received frequent invitations to domestic parties, he used, if possible, to decline them, and has been frequently, after excusing himself from dining with the Chairman, or one of the Directors of the India Company, known to steal away secretly to spend his evening at Dolly's Chop House, or has been, when missed by the Directors from the London Tavern, found snug with one of the mates in the little right-hand room of the Cock Eating House behind the 'Change. But if he carefully avoided splendid parties of gentlemen, he still more carefully avoided splendid parties of ladies; even this last was not always practicable. When he was obliged *to run the gauntlet*, for so he thought it

in such parties, as he could not be altogether *absent*, he endeavoured to be as *distant* as he could, and in the drawing-room, on entering, he generally made a half bow to the lady that was next him, whether the lady of the house or not, and slunk into a corner, whence a word never escaped his lips, except, "Yes, Ma'm," "No, Ma'm," if a lady spoke to him; and one day, during a very severe frost, sat with such obstinacy of resolution behind the door, the heat of the fire being intercepted by a fat gentleman who stood before it with the skirts of his coat removed; that, being often asked to come near the fire, he would not move, although so very cold as to be obliged to blow his fingers. In the dining-room he was generally so artful as to have his chair close by the landlord. This answered a double purpose; first, he had less chance of being annoyed by the conversation of the ladies; secondly, to be close by any dish the carving of which might produce the necessity of short dialogues. The parties

ties he delighted in were those of men of his own profession, especially of such as would take the burden of conversation on themselves. While he continued in London he had it in his power to have company to his mind. There he was Captain —— of the Jerusalem Coffee House, and, though now-and-then interrupted, might most frequently do as he liked. The visibly approaching death of his cousin rendered it necessary for him to be on the spot, he accordingly was forced to bid adieu to the Jerusalem, and the Cock, behind the 'Change, and to resort to Walker's Hotel and Turf Coffee House, in Edinburgh. As the heir of the —— he was necessarily a subscriber to the concerts and assemblies; companions hovered about him, who tried to make him a man of fashion. The ladies set their caps at him; *he did not know what they were about*. Lady Mary, having been exactly informed of the rental of the family, laid siege to his heart. Her first operations were at a private party where

they met, and where he, as usual, placed himself at a remote corner; she, after walking once or twice through the room, declaring she was tired, seated herself by him, and entered into discourse upon the distance between Britain and India, and farther asked him several questions about the manners of the people of Calcutta and Madras, to which he returned civil, but very laconic, answers. At last she found means so much to gain his attention that he ventured to dance a country dance with her. In the course of the same evening she made such way into his good graces that he entertained her with the repetition of an excellent joke of the carpenter of his ship by which he won a cann of punch from the gunner.

“ Lady Mary saw that the Captain’s reserve did not arise from want of sensibility, but want of experience, a want she knew she could easily supply. She carried on her operations, and with such perseverance and judgement, that the Captain one day told



told her, "Really, Lady Mary, I never before had thoughts of marrying, but as I find I can't go to sea again, as I could wish, I shall be rather lonesome at home in the country, for I don't like this town, where there are your beaus, and your bucks, and your advocates, and your scholars, &c. but hardly a man of proper experience to be met with, unless now-and-then, when there is a frigate in the Forth. I mean to live in the country; my mother she is dead, and my sister is married, so, for want of company, I must even take a wife myself; and, in all my travels and voyages, I never met with a young woman I had more lief have than yourself, although I have been in London, Gravesend, Deal, and at the Cape of Good Hope."

"Sir," said Lady Mary, "you pay me a very high and elegant compliment. I'm told the ladies at the Cape are particularly beautiful."

"Not so beautiful as your Ladyship, especially up the country," says he.

“But,” said Lady Mary, resolved to clench the business, “you gentlemen have such an insinuating mode of flattery that there is no trusting to your sincerity; perhaps, while you compliment me so, some other fair nymph may be the real object of your attachment.”

“Mine! no, upon my soul, unless it was with Nan Cot, the Ship Chandler’s daughter, at Limehouse, just by our Saltpetre warehouses; I never was so in love before in my life.”

“Ah, perhaps, that’s a dangerous rival,” said Lady Mary.

“Oh, no, she is out of the way; she is married to Jack Twist, a Rope-maker in Ratcliffe Highway. I assure you, upon my honour, I am sincere.”

“You are pleased to do me a very great honour,” said she, “and to give me more than honour, to give me happiness,” half-uttered, half-sighed the lady.

The Captain, really believing her, and pleased with a lady that took the trouble of the courtship on herself, asked her permission

to speak to her father. This the lady graciously accorded. Matters were soon settled; the Captain was married to my Lady, and a few months after became himself a Lord, and went to live at the Mansion-house of the noble family which it was his lot now to represent. The Lady now, by fortune and situation, is able not only to be an active follower, but a leader, in the fashion of her native country. The honest Lord leaves the administrative functions entirely to her; she governs with *the assistance of a council*, consisting of the waiting-maid, the house-keeper and the butler. But, though splendid in her equipage, and other constituents of shew, inured to rigid economy, she balances these expences by parsimonious housekeeping. London, however, whither she now-and-then brings her husband, frequently makes vanity triumphant over avarice; she gives grand routes, balls, &c. whence the good Lord absents himself; whenever he can steal away, unperceived, and retires to enjoy himself in the parties of his old shipmates at the

British Coffee House. Her Ladyship, to make up for extraordinary expences, most resolutely refrains from every such absurd source of expenditure — as relief of the poor, and the alleviation of unmerited distress."

"Do you see, Sir," said Douglas, "that lady with a long face, that has the remains of considerable beauty, but now over-run with a scorbutic humour."

"She," says Nevil, "that is returning, with such a delighted simpering, the bow of that old Lord with a star at his breast. Is she in love with him?"

"I do not believe she is in love with him individually. In one sense she is; and she is no less captivated with his wife, mother, and sister, because they have titles as well as he. I know something of that lady's history, which may not be unworthy of your hearing. — She is the widow of an Irish gentleman, of middling rank, who left her and her children sufficient property to support them decently in their station. Naturally

rally of a kind and affectionate disposition, with a good understanding, she was, for several years, a most excellent mother, and confined herself almost solely to the superintendence of her children; was much esteemed in her neighbourhood, and was really a respectable member of society. *Then she was contented with her own sphere.* Mrs. Belfast had amiable and agreeable qualities, as well as useful; she had a very sweet, melodious voice, of great force and compass, and often delighted the little parties of her friends by the harmony and expansion of her vocal music. Happening to be one evening in a company, of which many of the members were persons of rank or fortune, she so distinguished herself as to attract universal admiration. She was invited to party after party, and, tickled with the applause which she obtained, it became her chief object to increase her musical fame, and, through that, to extend the circle of her fashionable acquaintance, or as, in her inexperience of

the world, she supposed them *her friends*. Instead of the tuition of her children, the cultivation of her musical powers became now her sole object. The mornings, that used to be devoted to the instruction of her daughters in useful knowledge, were now spent in receiving the lessons of singing masters; in learning from fiddlers what management of the voice most fully admitted instrumental accompaniment. Her evenings were spent either at home or abroad in constant singing. Mrs. Belfast got into high repute, and soon shewed that her understanding was not a match for her vanity. From the style of acquaintance which she now formed, she felt her self-importance dilate apace. Her house became the resort of the gay and fashionable; she did, indeed, sometimes meet with checks in this her career of greatness, but these she considered as entirely over-balanced by the honour of being connected with such a circle. If the grocer pressed hard for his bill, she had the pleasure to reflect that

a good



a good part of the expence was incurred by entertaining people of fashion. If the tallow-chandler demanded payment, she had the pleasure of recollecting that three-fourths of his demand arose from her having the honour of parties of so fashionable and elegant optics as not to perceive light unless it issued from wax. Formerly her bureau had been without the letters of attornies; but then her brackets had been without the cards of Knights, Baronets, and Honourables. The taylor, who used to celebrate the punctuality of her payments, might now regret the slowness; but her fashionable friends praised the readiness *of her performance*. Her hearers applauded her powers of dwelling long on a note, her creditors perfectly agreed with them that she was become very long winded. Her milliners and mantua-makers, who had before received from her moderate employment, had now, in some respects, very great; she occupied much of their time in writing her orders;  
how-

however, to balance that, she seldom troubled them in writing receipts. Mrs. Belfast having, both by her acquaintances and her payments, ascertained herself to be a woman of fashion, removed from her frugal and retired situation, in the suburbs, to a gay and expensive house near Oxford Street. There she gave balls and concerts, and received masks. She appeared determined to vie in gaiety, fashion, and expence, with the richest and most lavish people in the vicinity, but was prevented from farther involving herself in expence so far exceeding her income, by the judicious admonitions of the baker and butcher."

"That lady," said Wilson, "two boxes from her, is a sweet, charming woman."

"She appears so," said Nevil.

"She is the wife of a brave and able officer now abroad. Her husband is the most intimate friend of the Earl of Charlestown, and, indeed, owes his promotion, in a great degree, to the friendship of that brave and accomplished nobleman. The  
good

good offices of his Lordship, to her husband, made a very deep impression upon the lady. Charlestown, a man of integrity and honour, regarded her, though a lively woman, in the sacred light of the wife of a friend committed to his care. Whether he exactly answered, exceeded, or fell short of what she thought due to the wife of an absent friend, is beyond me to say. It was said that she consulted an Irish gentleman on this subject; the same, indeed, that was the cause of your worthy acquaintance Lord Sneak's bond to keep the peace. Lord Charlestown, a liberal, benevolent, and magnificent nobleman, generally hospitable and beneficent, has been more peculiarly so to the emigrant gentry and nobility, who, by the late dreadful revolution in France, have been degraded and impoverished. His house, his estate, his purse, and his heart, are all open to those unfortunate exiles. The generosity and goodness of his own heart, softened into compassion by their sufferings, prevents the rigour and acuteness of his understanding

standing from exerting themselves with the usual effect. As your friend Fielding says, ‘the wisdom of the best of heads is betrayed by the goodness of the best of hearts;’ this personage, able and benevolent as he is, is often the dupe of impostors. A person calling himself of high rank, from a more Southern region than France, being introduced to Lord Charles-town, for several years spunged upon that generous nobleman; with him he frequently saw Mrs. Ceylon, the lady before you, and is supposed to be a very great favourite; and even to have bespoken the lady, should the service of the country, in a dangerous climate, reduce her to a state of widowhood.”

“She seems to have a sanguine complexion,” says Douglas, “and Italians are not remarkable for the purity of their moral principles; it is not impossible that, while General Ceylon is endangering his life to serve his country, his lady may partly attend to herself. This, however, is mere

con-

conjecture, for I am not in the secrets of the parties."

Having amused themselves with the imitative characters of the play, and the real characters of some of the spectators, they were interrupted by the farce, in which, as usual, there was no character at all. A Harlequin would have answered fully as well as to sense, with an additional advantage of shew and machinery; this being finished they parted for the evening.

## CHAP. V.

Our Hero is visited by Mr. Manage, Agent for his Uncle in India, who informs him of an Application made to him by Swearwell—Conversation between Mr. Manage and that worthy Lawyer—Swearwell's Account of the Death and last Will of Mr. Alexander Douglas—Honourable and Friendly Proposal to his Agent respecting his Effects—Mr. Manage's Reception of Swearwell's Propositions.

THE morning after they had been thus amusing themselves at the play, a gentleman from the city, who was agent for Mr. Alexander Douglas of Bengal, called on Mrs. Douglas and her son. After some preface he shewed them a letter of a very old date, from the clerk of Mr. Douglas, mentioning his having forwarded, at the desire of his master, a packet of great importance to General Douglas, and also that there was a sealed duplicate of the contents, which Mr. Douglas had deposited with



with a friend at Calcutta, desiring it to be delivered to the General as soon as possible, should Mr. Douglas's bad state of health have the issue which all apprehended. The physicians had prescribed a voyage to his native country as the last resource. Mr. Douglas had actually sailed about a week before, but was to take Madras in his way, to settle, as the clerk had supposed, some mercantile transactions. A few days after he had sailed, the clerk understood that General Douglas was in the Carnatic, and, therefore, had written to him, the agent, to make enquiry concerning the packet, that it might be kept for the General.

“ Now,” said the gentleman, “ the ship by which the packet was sent, has been arrived for several months; the ship in which Mr. Douglas sailed, has not been heard of since she left Madras. The writer of the letter omitted mentioning to what part he had forwarded the packet. An Irishman yesterday called at my office,  
and

and made so particular enquiries respecting Mr. Douglas, that I cannot help thinking he has some knowledge of it. He would not tell me by whom he was sent, but merely that he was employed by one that had a right to enquire. Have you sent such a person?"

"We have not, indeed," said Douglas, "will you be kind enough to describe his appearance?"

"A coarse-looking, hard favoured, stout man, above the middle size, and his manners at once vulgar and forward."

"Did you observe a mark on his check?"

"Yes, I did," said the other.

"I know who the man is. Do you expect him to call again?"

"He said he would call about the same time to day."

"Would you permit me to accompany you to your office, that I may see him?"

"Certainly, Sir, you may see him if you please, without being seen again."

Accordingly,

Accordingly, Douglas and the gentleman set out for the city, and arrived almost half an hour before the time that the enquirer was expected. Mr. Manage conducted our hero to a parlour adjoining his own private office, and told him, that, although he did not choose to mention to his mother any report that might render her uneasy, that he had received, through a circuitous channel, an account that wore too much the appearance of probability, that his worthy and much respected employer, Mr. Douglas, was now no more; and farther, that the enquirer had heard the same report. He was going to explain the particulars when a servant announced the person; he was shewn into the office, and soon joined by Mr. Manage.

“ Well, Sir,” said the person, in a voice that Douglas immediately knew to be Mr. Swearwell, “ have you heard any farther accounts of what we were yesterday speaking of?”

“ Will you be pleased to repeat what  
you

you said yesterday, as I made no memorandum of it. I may have forgotten part, and, consequently, may not be able to give you a satisfactory answer."

"Why, Sir, I told you that the ship in which Mr. Douglas sailed, had been cast away on the coast of Madagascar, that part of the crew had been saved, and that Mr. Douglas had died a few days after this wreck of the vessel."

"Pray, Sir, what evidence have you to support this account?" said Mr. Manage.

"A sailor that had belonged to the ship worked his way to Lisbon, there finding a vessel just sailing for Glasgow, the place of his nativity, came home in her, and mentioning the death of Mr. Douglas, to an acquaintance, his family and connections had advised him to cross the country to Tay Bank, which he accordingly did. I have not," continued Swearwell, "the smallest doubt, that the old gentleman is as dead as his great grandfather."

Mr. Manage

Mr. Manage having heard a similar account, through a different channel, had not much doubt of its authenticity.

“ Supposing,” said he, “ that the worthy gentleman is, as you alledge, really dead, what is the object of your enquiries to me?”

Mr. Swearwell made a prefatory flourish, “ Mr. Manage, I have heard the very highest character of you, for sense, honour, and integrity. I know it must be just, for what every one says must be true; so for my part, I have not the most remotest doubt of it. Sir, I understand you have been, as I may say, the chief confidantary of all Mr. Douglas’s money concerns. You have been, as it were, his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir. Now, Sir, you must know how the land lies, at least, as to all his property that has come to this country, which I am assured is very considerable. Some have asserted half a plum. Am I above or under the mark, old boy?”

“ In friendly familiarity I must say above.”

“ I thought

“ I thought so, and I am very happy to hear it. The family of Tay Bank is an ancient and honourable family, and I rejoice at the prosperity. So the sum is above fifty thousand you say ?”

“ Pray, Sir, how came you to be interested in it ?”

“ As the particular friend of the proprietor of Tay Bank, and heir to the fortune.”

“ What ! is the child dead, that General Douglas is now proprietor of Tay Bank ?”

“ Dead ! God forbid, no.”

“ That child then inherits the property of Mr. Douglas, does he ?”

“ You may depend upon it that matter is fixed.”

“ How is it fixed ?”

“ By the last will of the deceased.”

“ What, you have seen his will ?”

“ Yes, it is in the possession of Mrs. Douglas.”

“ So, in consequence of that will, you  
come



come from Mrs. Douglas to enquire about the property?"

"I do. But then she does not mean to hurry you, Mr. Manage—we shall have every thing settled in an easy and amicable manner," (winking,) "we shan't forget the agent, dear boy."

"Sir, you are very good. As there is a certainty of Mr. Douglas's death, and there is a will in favour of the late Mr. James Douglas and his heirs, with a small legacy for mourning, to the old General and his family, I think our best way will be for you to pay them the legacy off hand, to prevent all trouble from them, then my friend Rhodomontade, Mrs. Douglas, and I, as guardians for the boy, will settle matters to your satisfaction."

"So you are guardians, by Mr. Douglas's will, for this young gentleman?"

"Mrs. Douglas was left sole guardian, with the power of choosing any two others that she pleased; accordingly she chose her

father, Mr. Rhodomontade, and me, knowing us to be both the most trustiest."

"But how are you to ascertain the disposition of the property, or even the amount? Have you vouchers?"

"No, my dear boy, they are among the old gentleman's own papers, but they are directed to be sent home. We know that certain sums are invested in the funds. As the boy has enough of his own without, if you come down with a handsome sum—for instance, that which was in your management three years ago, we shall not make any enquiry about the rest, but give you a discharge in the boy's name as his guardians."

"Why, since that time," said Mr. Manage, pretending to be off his guard, "I have placed twelve thousand pounds for him in the funds. You would not be so generous as to leave me the whole of that sum, would you?"

"Come, come, Mr. Manage, you are a  
man

man of business, I see we shall understand each other."

"Why," said Mr. Manage, "I think it is always best to be explicit."

"Yes, Sir," said Swearwell, "that is the best way between two gentlemen. Well, Sir, I will tell you the whole affair.—About a month after the burial of the Laird, there came a letter from India, which really surprized us all. It was directed to Mrs. Douglas, with one inclosed for the late Tay Bank himself. It was a long letter, but I shall give you the purport of it in a few words. Mr. Douglas said, his eyes were, at length opened, that he had once had a very indifferent opinion of Mrs. Douglas, but that he now found it was all through the misrepresentation, he was sorry to say, of a man who ought to be the most near and dear to him, his own brother, the General; that his last deed should be justice. After much to the same purpose, he referred him to his will, which was inclosed, but with a desire that it should not

be opened till accounts arrived of his death. On hearing that he had *kicked the beam*, we opened the will, and you may guess our astonishment, when we found that the whole of the fortune, except a few hundred pounds, was left to the late Tay Bank, and in case of his demise, to the heirs of his body, under the guardianship of Mrs. Douglas, with a legacy of ten thousand pounds to herself. We were all, as I said, confounded; at last, Mrs. Douglas observed, that, perhaps, the General's family would be trying to overturn the deed. A thought struck me, there are vouchers of yours, and an annexed account up to this season of the year, three years ago, of the property remitted to you, and laid out by you, on account of Mr. Douglas. Now, says I, my dear Madam, our best way will be to settle it in a friendly manner with Mr. Manage; he is, by all accounts, a man of sense, and will mind his own interest, says I, and I dare say will have no objection, if we give him a discharge, to give up to us the property that was in his hands

in 1790, and retain the rest, then the General and his children may go whistle, said I. So Mr. Rhodomontade, who is a very reasonable man, said he thought it a very good plan, and, that if you are agreeable to it, Sir, they would come up themselves and have every thing settled between ourselves and you, Sir, as was fair and equitable."

"Why, whatever I engage in, said Mr. Manage, I shall, as far as I can, have settled fairly and equitably."

"Well, I see we shall agree, Sir."—"I honour your penetration."—"Accordingly, Sir, I proposed coming up in a Perth smack, to know how the land lay, and that they should follow, if I found you agreeable to a settlement. So I have now just one thing to mention, women's travelling is expensive, as they come by land, and neither Mrs. Rhodomontade nor Mrs. Douglas are burthened with the ready, so if you just advance them some hundred pounds, until the dividends upon Mrs. Douglas's legacy

become due, they would be extremely obligated to you."

"I cannot do that," said the other, "until matters are adjusted."

"You had better," said the other, "I shall give you my note as a collateral security."

"You are extremely good, Sir, but I never advance money in that way."

"Well," said the other, "Rhodomontade must try to raise it himself in the mean time, so you may expect to see them in the course of a month. Now, Sir, although you seem to be a wary old blade as to money matters, I like you very much on the whole, and should wish to be better acquainted with you. So suppose if you are not engaged to-day, I should come and eat a bit of mutton with you, and we will talk matters farther over a bottle of your old Maderia, for I dare say you have plenty of excellent stuff from your India friends."

"I generally drink port," said Mr. Manage.

"That



“ That will do very well.”

“ What is your hour of dinner?”

“ To-day I am particularly engaged.”

“ To-morrow then I will be with you.”

“ To-morrow I go out of town.”

“ When do you return?”

“ It is uncertain.”

“ But you will be back in time to meet Mrs. Douglas about her brother-in-law's effects?”

“ I shall, when called upon, give every satisfaction to the heir of Mr. Douglas on that head.”

“ Well, you are an honest old cock, though I wish we had hob and nobbed together. I can sing a good song, and tell a comical story. I know we should have agreed over our wine.”

“ I am obliged to attend another gentleman this moment. I wish you a good morning, Sir.”

Mr. Swearwell having departed, Mr. Manage joined our hero, and explicitly and candidly told him that he suspected some

villainous project was in agitation which he made no doubt his late visitant was to be one of the principal conductors; "but you may rest assured," Mr. Douglas, "that I will not be wanting, in every exertion in my power, to have justice done. A considerable part of the property is disposed of in a mortgage; that mortgage I shall, as soon as the death of your uncle is properly certified, have properly made over to your father, as the heir of his brother's real property."

"But," said Douglas, "a will would set that destination aside."

"A will, devising hereditary property, must be executed in a different manner from one bequeathing personal, and must be attested by three witnesses."

"But," said Douglas, "may not that precaution have been taken by the framers of a fictitious will, supposing it to be such?"

"I should apprehend, that in Scotland, where this will was made, the legal necessity

sity of that number of witnesses may not be known. I wish, however, I had asked the fellow. I think, he said, that he lodged at the St. Andrews, at Wapping. I believe I shall, for once, knowingly admit a scoundrel to my table to enquire more particularly into this pretended will, and, as you must be anxious to know the result, I must request you to dine in another apartment, with my family, whilst I order something for myself and this person in my office."

Douglas dispatched an excuse to his mother for not returning to dinner, and Swearwell, in less than an hour, most joyfully obeyed Mr. Manage's summons. Mr. Manage again received him in his office, and said, "Mr. Swearwell, the importance of the business which you introduced this morning determined me, on mature reflection, to postpone to it things of less moment. I have, therefore, disengaged myself on purpose to talk it fully over with you." A servant entering with a basket, containing several bottles of wine, excited,

in Swearwell, a very pleasing sensation, which was soon increased by the entrance of a dinner, to which Swearwell did ample justice. After the cloth was withdrawn Manage asked his guest how he liked his Madeira. The other expressed his warm approbation, and, pouring out a large bumper, drank it to his host's health. Manage drank much more moderately for some time, unobserved by his guest, but Swearwell, at last remarking it, he requested him to excuse his drinking beyond a certain quantity, as he had made it a rule not to exceed it, but insisted that his guest should help himself as liberally as if he joined him. This favour Swearwell very frankly and readily promised to grant. The first bottle of Madeira being now finished, another, and also a bottle of port, was set upon the table. After two or three general toasts Mr. Manage resumed the subject of the morning's conversation, went over the various particulars, and was, as Swearwell thought, more disposed than before to a  
speedy

speedy adjustment. "This testament," he said, "will make all things perfectly clear. It is, I presume, properly witnessed?"

"Yes," said Swearwell, "by two, who, I should suppose, may be clerks, or lawyers for Mr. Douglas."

"You are sure there are two, because one would be insufficient."

"O, yes, I remember their names; they are John Quilldrive and Richard Rupee."

"Have you a duplicate of the will with you?"

"No; but I have a memorandum of the chief heads."

"Would you favour me with a sight of that memorandum. I think you talked of some little money Mrs. Douglas might want to bring her to town. Although I have not the pleasure of being much acquainted with you, yet, if you will state fully, on paper, from your memorandums, the material contents of the will, with the dates and witnesses, I shall not scruple to advance a couple of hundred pounds to Mrs. Douglas on your note, payable in four

H 6

months,

months, by which time the business must be in a train of adjustment. I shall leave you for half an hour, whilst you make out the statement." So saying, he ordered a third bottle of Madeira to be decanted, as the second seemed in a galloping consumption; he left Swearwell to himself, and returning, within an hour, found the statement finished, and the third bottle begun.

Manage, on perusing it, said it was all very well, and if Swearwell, by his date and signature, would authenticate it, here was a cheque on his banker for the money. Swearwell, with great pleasure, did both; received the draft, and accepted a bill for the amount, payable in four months. Being in the habit of accepting bills, and having them accepted, for their mutual accommodation, with his friend, Mr. Rhodomontade, he, according to his custom, proffered the discount. Mr. Manage refusing this, he swore it should be drank in Claret to his health. Manage wished the affair to be brought forward as soon as possible, before they had time to form  
fresh



fresh projects to supply the flaw in part of this, he accordingly suggested to Swearwell the propriety of immediately setting off for Scotland. Swearwell being in a fair way, as he supposed, of carrying his point, very readily consented. Manage's servant took a place for him in the mail for the next evening. Manage wished to have the will registered as soon as possible, in Doctor's Commons, that so there might be no time for a fresh fabrication that would include the landed property. He kept Swearwell about his house the greater part of the succeeding day, lest he should accidentally meet any English attorney who might put him to rights as to the requisite formalities for the bequest of real property. Mr. Swearwell set off. Manage informed our hero, and his mother, of the steps that he had taken, and, meanwhile, set about a more minute enquiry as to the evidence of Mr. Douglas's death.

## CHAP. VI.

Our Hero is in some Difficulties from a Failure of Remittances — Feelings and Conduct thereon — Errors of his Mother from a meritorious Motive — Charles's Mode of giving the Motive a more beneficial Operation — Has a Glimpse of Isabella — Visit to Wilson — Conversation on Politics — On a different Subject — Wise and honourable Advice of Wilson — Sidney visits our Hero — Practical Effects of the new Doctrines illustrated in the Conduct of Barrington Newlight to Sidney — Specimen of the *moral* Principles and Conduct of John Bawllwell, the Itinerant Lecturer — Political Eloquence and Reasoning of Ditto — Unlucky Detection of Ditto and Confession.

DOUGLAS had, at this time, various sources of uneasiness; although he had every confidence in the integrity of Mr. Manage, yet he apprehended a legal contest, which would be, at once, disagreeable and tedious. The expences of his attendance in the Temple were great, and would increase, considerably, before his admission to

to the Bar. A remittance from his father had, at the General's desire, been vested in the funds. Although he, at the same time, had desired that if any deduction was necessary for immediate expence it should be made, yet, as in the same letter, he mentioned his intention of speedily sending a smaller sum, Mrs. Douglas had insisted that the whole of the greater should be placed in the stocks. Several months had since elapsed, and the expected remittances had not arrived. The whole of the General's property, in the funds, did not exceed a hundred and fifty pounds a year. Douglas had hitherto lived in a style of expence which had prevented him from being prepared for a failure of remittances. His grandfather's legacy, amounting to a few hundred pounds, had been, together with that of his sister, placed in the three per Cents. by his father, and he considered it as sacred. Of two hundred pounds, left him by his uncle of Tay Bank, fifty had been expended in his journey, and fifty more

more advanced to accommodate Sidney. The remaining hundred, placed at a banker's, had been broken upon that he might not have occasion to apply to his mother, who, as she was punctual in her payments, had very little money left until she received the dividends. Mrs. Goodwill, after a trial, had by no means approved of the boarding-school where she had placed her daughters. Their return, therefore, and with them that of Miss Wilson, could not be avoided. If Mrs. Douglas saw the necessity of thwarting her own wishes, respecting her son and Isabella, when his prospects were brighter, she was still more convinced of it now that they were overcast with uncertainty; she, therefore, resolved to have a separate house, and, accordingly, pitched on one nearer the capital, in a different, though not a contrary, direction.

Mrs. Douglas had always been accustomed to live in a genteel style, and considered that, from the rank of her husband,

as now peculiarly requisite. She knew the General to be in a situation that must soon realize considerable property, and made no doubt, that, for present expenditure, remittances would soon arrive. Her acquaintance was increased through her intimacy with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Lighthouse. She now became more known in the fashionable circles, as the lady of an officer of very high rank, and still higher reputation. Mrs. Douglas, joined to the most tender affection, had a respect almost rising to adoration for the character of her husband. Though a woman of excellent sense, she could not altogether separate ideas of splendour from ideas of honour. Even Mrs. Lighthouse, though possessing an uncommon vigorous understanding, very frequently associated splendour and equipage, with high official situations. One day that Mrs. Douglas dined with her sister-in-law, that lady had mentioned a servant out of livery as a necessary appurtenance of a general officer on the staff.

Mrs.

Mrs. Douglas was struck with this observation, and finding that the plan was actually put in execution, she observed to her son, that it was very strange that General Lighthorse should, in consequence of his late promotion, have a valet de chambre, a butler, a footman, a coachman, and an equipage, and the family of General Douglas, an officer of equally high rank, more advantageous employment, and infinitely higher distinction in the service, should have only one footman. "I think," says she, "my dear Charles, for the honour of your father, we should enlarge our establishment, especially now that Mrs. Goodwill and I are no longer joined in our house-keeping. While we were together, her footman and maid might perhaps be sufficient, but now, the case is altered. As we must have frequent parties that know whose wife and children we are, our retinue must be increased."

Charles had the highest veneration for his mother, and made it a rule never to oppose



pose any resolution of hers, after it was fixed. He had frequently, after appearing to acquiesce, prevailed on her to abandon projects when founded on misapprehension, either of fact or of principle. He told her that she was certainly the best judge of what was right to be done; at the same time, he could not help saying, that the honour of an officer distinguishing himself in the service of his country, could not depend on any thing so extrinsic as that of the footmen that attended his family.

“What you say is right, my dear Charles, in the eye of sense and reason, but something is due, my boy, to the opinion of the world.”

Douglas finding her bent on an additional servant, made no farther attempts to prevent what he regretted as an imprudent expence. He foresaw that, should not remittances arrive in the course of a few months, they would be in great difficulties for the want of ready money.

A much more powerful cause of uneasiness

ness he had in his love for Isabella; growing more and more violent, as it grew more and more hopeless. He refrained with the most rigid self-command from visiting the object of his adoration, and even avoided those places where he thought there might be a probability of seeing her. Mrs. Goodwill had now removed to Paddington, so that the places of residence of the two lovers, though not above two miles distant, were by totally different roads. Douglas had been one day in the city, to Mr. Manage, by that gentleman he was told, that a person returned from Madagascar had been found out by one of his clerks, and had given the same account of the death of Mr. Alexander Douglas as Swearwell had before related. That he (Mr. Manage) had not yet seen him, but that he meant to call upon him that forenoon, at his lodgings, in Gloucester Row, New Road. Douglas agreed to accompany him, but on their arrival, learnt that he was gone out for the day. Manage being obliged to re-  
turn

turn to the city, they parted, Douglas continuing his course westward, until he should come to a road leading to Oxford Street, and being wrapt up in contemplation, had reached Lisson Green, before he turned to the left. There a carriage passing him, he, in a very pale face, recognized the features of his Isabella; he followed the carriage with his eyes, until it had turned down to Portland Road. He then returned in spite of himself, in hopes of seeing again that beloved countenance, whose paleness filled him with most tender alarm. But being again unable to see the object he desired, he betook himself to the lodgings of his friend Wilson, in the most anxious eagerness to learn the state of his Isabella's health, and the most fearful apprehension that he would hear much more than he wished. He had never made Wilson the confidant of a passion so little likely to produce the satisfaction of the parties, and, though Wilson perfectly comprehended his sentiments and motives, and  
while

while he pitied the former did honour to the latter, had never uttered a syllable to him or to any other person that could betray his knowledge of the subject. Douglas found Wilson busily engaged in a work that shewed that his first admiration of the French Revolution had been only while he considered it as friendly to liberty, and thought it likely to produce a constitution on the model of that of which he acknowledged and admired the unparalleled excellence. He had perused with conviction and admiration the charge of Judge Ashhurst to the Grand Jury in 1792, and perceived the noxious tendency of the new doctrines so anxiously propagated, and that year so successfully, and was then writing an essay to prove the wisdom of counter-associations against the clubs, societies, and individuals, who were unhinging the loyalty and patriotism, and disturbing the peace of the country. Douglas was rejoiced to find Wilson an instance of an opinion that he had formed that attachment to  
the

the French revolution system arose, in a great degree, from imperfect knowledge, and vigorous minds were likely to decrease as its principles and proceedings more fully unfolded themselves.\* Douglas, however, hurried over politics with much more rapidity than usual, and rather forcibly turned the discourse to a totally different subject. Wilson had asked him what he thought would be the probable consequences of the battle of Jemappe, and whether he did not think the French republicans were displaying an equally ambitious and more dangerous spirit of aggrandisement, than the old French monarchy had done. Charles very

\* Many as have been the British writers in support of the French Revolution, it may appear remarkable, that no man of very distinguished ability, literature, moral, and political science, has vindicated the new order of things in France, except Mr. M'Intosh. It must be pleasing to the lovers of the British system of polity, to be informed that this able writer now acknowledges that his *Vindiciæ Galliciæ* was written under an erroneous impression, arising from an imperfect knowledge of facts.

readily

readily allowed both; but instead of discussing the subject, asked Wilson when he had seen Mrs. Goodwill. Wilson smiling asked if Mrs. Goodwill was concerned in promoting the schemes of France. Charles hastily, with a laugh, answered "Pooh, no; but, seriously, when did you see her, how is she and her family?"

"Oh, they are well."

"How," replied Douglas with great hesitation, "is the health of your sister?"

Wilson with assumed indifference replied, "Well enough, I believe."

"She appeared to me," said our hero, "the last time I saw her, to look very pale."

Wilson, having made some answer to this, Douglas, after a formal preface, expressing his high confidence in the friendship, understanding, and integrity of Wilson, opened his whole heart to him on the subject of Isabella. Wilson readily and clearly saw how very imprudent marriage would be to a young man so circumstanced as Douglas now was, and, with a great force of  
reason



reason and eloquence, represented to him the many disadvantages that would attend such a step; and, after expressing the highest sense of the honourable and just intentions of his friend, conjured him to avoid, as much as possible, the sight of Isabella.

“ I can trust you, my dear Douglas, with my most secret thoughts. Your figure, accomplishments, and service to herself, I make no doubt, made an impression on my sister’s heart, which I know the strict rectitude of your own principles, situated as you now are, would prevent you from designing to make. I approve very much of the steps taken to prevent the impression from becoming deeper. Without speaking directly to that subject, I have endeavoured to convince Isabella of the evil that would accrue to you from a premature alliance, however amiable or beloved the object might be. I even went the length of asserting that, if there were any young lady of no fortune at present in love with you to distraction, that the most disin-

terested proof of her affection would be a concealment from you, if she thought the passion reciprocal; and a resolute rejection of any proposals that must tend to the hurt of the man she loved. What Isabella felt on this occasion, I could not ascertain, but I perceived that she attached the idea of heroism and refined love to the denial of any gratification that could be hurtful to a beloved object. I believe her tenderness and her fortitude may have some contest, but I have that opinion of her vigour of mind, that she will not suffer her spirits or health to sink under the contest."

Douglas expressed his apprehension lest her attempts might at last produce indifference. Wilson assured him that that was a very unnecessary apprehension. "However, my dear friend, I must drop so delicate a subject, and conjure you to employ the most vigorous self-command, until circumstances take a favourable change."

Douglas replied, "Hear me for one minute, and I shall have done. My present  
situation

situation and doubtful prospects render it incumbent on me to act as you recommend for a certain time, but I shall, ultimately, marry my beloved Isabella, or none. As I adhere to this declaration, may the protection of Heaven adhere to me!"

Douglas then informed Wilson of all he had learnt from Mr. Manage, and almost every other thing that concerned himself, or occupied his mind.

A day or two after his interview with Wilson, Sidney called, apparently very much dejected, from whence Charles concluded that the action was likely to go against him; but Sidney told him, that for what reason he did not know, the action was not commenced; but says he, "I have met with several other misfortunes. Upon my soul, I begin to doubt whether the professors of the new opinions, are, on the whole, better than those of the old."

"I hope the misfortunes you have incurred are not of great moment?"

"By G—d they are. You must know,

some weeks ago, I was applied to by a professed disciple of the new political justice, to bail him for a debt he had contracted at a Coffee-House, to which he often resorted, to spread the new doctrines. They would not take my bail, as I was not a house-keeper; and, besides, several detainers had been lodged, so that the whole amounted to near an hundred pounds. At last I agreed to give my note for the whole, including the expences, and that being accepted of, Mr. Newlight was liberated. Yesterday I received this letter, by which it appears that he means to leave me in the lurch." The letter, which Douglas opened, was as follows:

"CITIZEN PHILOSOPHER,

"From the present absurd institutions of mankind I was obliged to enter into a promise to pay a certain sum of money, and you entered into the same promise on my account. You are aware that promises, of every sort, are, in themselves, evils; that  
their

their performance, according to the true principles of Political Justice, depends on the discretion of the promiser. He, and he only, is the judge what are, and what are not, to be performed. In every case we must, as the great Subtlewoud observes, regardless of all private considerations, study the good of the whole. I think I can promote that good, from my knowledge and experience, much more effectually than either the taylor, linen-draper, or keeper of the coffee-house. I have resolved, therefore, not to sacrifice at the superstitious shrine of property to gratify their foolish prejudices. I will not pay them; and as, from the same prejudices, they might have recourse to the assistance of that foe of Political Justice, positive law, I must withdraw myself. Their absurd notions, supported by the most absurd institutions, may, and probably will, endeavour to detain your person, until, in the vulgar language, they are satisfied; that is, a sacrifice of reason is made to that creature of

folly and usurpation, property. Should any confinement take place, I think it is more for the good of the whole that you should be confined than *I*. I know you are too far advanced in the true philosophy to use such absurd phrases as breach of confidence, ingratitude, treachery to a friend, or any of the language of the vulgar prejudices. I am at Dover, on the way to the Continent, and, though not addicted to boasting, must, in order to stimulate you to the practice of Political Justice, inform you of my last acts in London. I found the wife of the person at whose house I lived disinclined to continue cohabitation with her husband, and inclined to cohabit with me. It was my duty, as a votary of Political Justice, to gratify natural inclination, whoever might be its object; a duty enhanced in its performance, by also giving a blow to the unnatural restraint of marriage. The husband appeared to me to have more property than he wanted. It was my duty, as I wanted it, to possess myself of what

I con-



I conceived to be a surplus. The concubine and I, most meritoriously, did our duty. Before we departed we broke open the plate-chest, and took away as many spoons, tankards, and candlesticks, as we could conveniently stow. From his bureau we took the cash, he being fortunately out of town himself. As I have a happy talent of imitating the hand-writing of others, I carried to his banker a draft, which I signed with his name, and procured fifty pounds, took a post-chaise and drove here, whence my enlightened companion and I are just about to sail for the land of philosophy. I have not now time to write to my adored instructor, the philosopher, I request, therefore, that you will read to him this letter, which will, I think, convince him that I have successfully studied, and practically applied, his glorious precepts and doctrines respecting private affections, promises, marriage, and property. May the energy of reason and philosophy

always impel you, as it has done me, to the actions that are *best upon the whole*.

“BARRINGTON NEWLIGHT.”

“So, by this damned fellow, and his philosophy,” said Sidney, “you see that I am taken in for upwards of one hundred pounds. Infamous scoundrel! the gentleman, whose wife and effects he has stolen, has been always his kind and liberal benefactor; and he has spunged, at different times, several hundred pounds from him. The lady and her husband were a most affectionate couple until this villain seduced her love.”

“Why Sidney,” said Douglas, “you seem to have returned to the old calendar of morals, as your notions are more friendly to the duties of marriage and to private affections than before. Mr. Newlight has evidently adopted the new calendar.”

“By G—d he is fittest for the Newgate Calendar,” replied Sidney.

“I must

“ I must confess,” said Douglas, “ that the history, which you mention, is filled with philosophers, who supplied their wants by taking from others what they conceived to be a surplus, and regard property as little as the philosopher Subtlewould can prescribe. Many of them, too, are equally convinced of the absurdity of marriage institutions, and equally inimical to laws. From what I have heard, however, although respecting marriage and property they may practice the Godwinian philosophy, yet they have not, altogether, so completely divested themselves of private affections.”

“ D—n Godwin, and his philosophy also! Do not judge from a single instance,” said Douglas, “ but investigate the principles.”

“ I believe, indeed, the more they are investigated, the more will it appear, that treachery to a friend, breach of promise, ingratitude, seduction, promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, abolition of property, are not merely corollaries, which may be

inferred from his doctrines, but the chief conclusions which it is the object of his promises to establish.”

“ But how are you to settle with the creditors of this philosophist and infamous rascal?”

“ I am afraid I shall be obliged to go to gaol, as I have no means of raising the money. My uncle, were he to hear that I had accommodated such a fellow, would be more incensed against me, if possible, than ever; but that is not my only misfortune. I was in company, a few evenings ago, with some of the members of a society for procuring a Reform in Parliament; indeed, one of the branches of the Corresponding Societies. After much discourse on the indispensable necessity of a complete and radical reform, our spirits being somewhat exhausted with intense thinking, an eminent lecturer proposed to relax ourselves by a glass of wine and a party at whist. We drank pretty deep, and betted high. I found, in the morning, that I was fifty pounds

pounds in debt to the Lecturer and another person. I have great reason to believe these reformers used loaded dice; they have taken my note at a fortnight for the amount. I am convinced that the reforming gentlemen are of the same kidney with the philosophers."

"I beg, my dear Sidney, again, that you will not form a general conclusion from single promises, nor confound, into one description, individuals and classes totally different from each other. Although I altogether dissent from the opinion of that set of gentlemen who are distinguished by the name of the Friends of the People, yet, from their character, abilities, rank and condition, I am convinced they have acted from the best of motives. It would be very unjust to confound such men with itinerant lecturers, debating clubs, spouters, illiterate mechanics, and other low fellows, who, without talents, education, character, or stake in the country, have the presumption to interfere in concerns entirely beyond their

reach. I am not surprized that such fellows should be suspected of fraud. Many of those, I am informed, who have enlisted themselves under the banners of the Corresponding Society, are not only low in situation, for that would not, if their conduct was good, preclude respectability; but worthless, bad sons, bad husbands, bad fathers, bad members of society, who, by the want of industry, and by vicious habits, being unfit for their own sphere, seek the subversion of the Constitution, in hopes of being able, under a new order of things, to revel without labour, in the expectations of being better, and the certainty of not being worse. The same cause drives men to follow John Bawlwell, the Lecturer, to Chalk Farm, as to follow John Lancaster, the highwayman, to Finchley Common; the hope of plunder."

"But have you any evidence that the dice were loaded."

"Whilst they were eagerly intent upon my note, I put two of them in my pocket."

These



These he produced, and, from their weight, both concluded they were loaded.

Douglas advised Sidney immediately to apply to a magistrate.

Sidney made several objections on the score of philosophy, but these were at last overruled by common sense.

Douglas and he went to Bow Street, took out a warrant against the Lecturer, by name, and his associate. They accompanied the officers to serve the warrant, and found Mr. Bawlwell hard at work composing a declamation on the corruption of courts and ministers. As only the gentlemen entered first, the orator supposed Douglas was a new proselyte, and was beginning to read a composition that he said, "proved all wars to be ministerial jobs for the purpose of peculation, and other fraudulent gains, to themselves and their supporters."

Douglas told him, "that fraudulent gain was the object of the present visit of his friend and himself."

"Sir,"

“ Sir,” said the orator, “ I don’t understand you.”

“ I shall explain myself.”

“ Sir, that you may.”

“ You, two evenings ago, with an associate, by means of loaded dice, defrauded Mr. Sidney of his note of hand for fifty pounds.”

“ Citizen, do you dare to charge me so in my own house ?”

“ I mean to charge you so in another house ; stepping to the door, officers, here is the person mentioned in your warrant.”

“ For God’s sake, Citizen, stop a few minutes, let me speak a few words to you.”

“ Officers,” said Douglas, “ remain in the passage.”

“ What is the fraud with which you charge me ?”

“ That, I dare say, may be a very natural question, Mr. Orator, as the frauds with which you may be chargeable, I make no doubt, are so numerous as to require particularization ; but I thought I had before  
particu-

particularized the one that is the cause of the present enquiry. I repeat it; you have defrauded this gentleman by means of loaded dice. Return the note, or go to Newgate."

"Sir, you talk most aristocratically. Newgate, Sir, is one effect of the usurpation of political establishment over the rights of nature."

"Is fraud one of the rights of nature?"

"Citizen, I see you are prejudiced; but, as reason must ultimately overcome prejudice, I have no doubt of impressing conviction on you, Citizen. That I may speak with more effect, would you be pleased to stand each in a corner of the room? Let the officers, too, come in and hear truth." Matters being arranged, the Citizen got up into an elbow chair and began:—"Citizens, ever since I have engaged in politics, it has been my principal object to convince men of the absurdity of political establishments, and their hurtfulness in being usurpations over the rights of nature. It has been,

been, Citizens, my endeavour to enlighten my fellow Citizens, that so they might see the absurdity of distinction, of rank, of property, of law, and of government. Not only to inspect them, but to rouse them to act according to the precepts I gave them. I have endeavoured to convince them that contentment, under the present horrid system, was the most stupid and unfeeling lethargy. Rouse, did I say unto them, from the cant of lethargy, a sluggish and insensate people! Shake off the drowsy stupor, which, creeping over the frozen nerve of misery, at once soothes, and threatens with the sleep of death. I am not, Citizens, without a knowledge of history, especially the history of my own country; and England, though generally overwhelmed in aristocratic darkness, has not been without some specks of light, and, wonderful to tell, notwithstanding the ignorance and stupidity of churchmen in general; from the beginning of time, the first speck of light came from a priest. My friend, once black, on my  
observ-

observing this, reminded me of a passage I had read, I think it was in Virgil's *Metamorphoses* :

“ Qui minime rebus ab horbe,\*”

which means, you sometimes get help where you would not look for it. John Ball, as you remember, Citizens, in the reign of Richard II. would have established the rights of nature over all political systems, if it had not been for that vile aristocrat, the Lord Mayor, killing that revolutionary leader, that champion of equality, Wat Tyler. The next great vindicator of the rights of nature, was another John, John Cade. He made a noble stand for equality, and the annihilation of property and government. Nor was Kett, the tanner, unworthy of celebrity; and, of latter times, there have been worthies who have

\* Perhaps the learned orator meant to say “ Quam minime reris ab urbe,” part of a passage of Virgil's *Ænied*; whether to be found in his *Metamorphoses* or not, we shall leave to annotators to determine.

endeavoured, and, for a time, even succeeded, in crushing Kings, Lords, and Bishops. But, Citizens, the darkness of ignorance prevented the long continuance of the levelling system; now that men are much farther advanced in light and philosophy, we may hope for more certain and lasting success. It is the duty of every man of superior genius, Citizens, to exert his powers in diffusing light, preparing men for the establishment of the rights of nature and the destruction of present usurpations. For that purpose have I thought it incumbent upon myself to take every opportunity of private admonition and public harangue to stimulate my fellow-citizens to the assertion of their rights, in imitation of the glorious revolutionists of the land of philosophy. But as my instructions have, hitherto, been only occasional, I thought, myself, of having them frequent and periodical. For that purpose I have projected to build a lecture-room, wherein I may diffuse light to Citizens, every night,

except



except that which, by the absurdity of ecclesiastical superstition, is devoted to idleness. From the institution of property so absurd and tyrannical, I want that of which many have a surplus. The deficiency retarded the construction of a lecture-room. In order to promote a project so beneficial, so replete with light and instruction to my fellow-citizens, I deemed it my duty to overlook the prescribed absurdities of regard to property, and to get the means of effecting my project as expeditiously as possible into my power. Most of the enlightened Citizens, who wish the subversion of political establishments and the assertion of the rights of nature, have experimentally to deplore the inequalities of property, as well as myself. From them I could expect little assistance. Had I openly and boldly demanded of any of those who have too much of that surplusage, to which those that have too little have a natural right, the tyranny of laws might have compelled me not only to refund

fund to the usurper what I had taken from him, but also to forfeit my liberty, if not my life. Finding force by no means the adviseable mode of asserting my rights, I was obliged to have recourse to stratagem. I frequented different gaming tables, and there having taken the precaution that I did with you, I reduced surplusage, promoted equalization, and furnished myself with some of the means of enabling me from my rostrum to teach my countrymen to think, and inspire them to act. Such, Citizen Sidney, was my reason for employing stratagem in my intercourse with you. I trust, I know, you are too far advanced in philosophy, not when properly stated to you, to approve of an expedient arising from motives resulting from true philosophy, and conducive of the emancipation of mankind from the tyranny of institutions, and your restoration to the rights of nature. The new philosophy is the basis on which I stand: placed on so firm a footing I shall never fall."

As

As he uttered these last words, the chair, which although new, was of very flimsy materials, gave way, and down tumbled the orator and broke his nose.

“D——n that chair,” exclaimed he in a passion, “I bought it for new.”

“I make no doubt,” said Douglas, as soon as he could recover from laughing, “but it is; but neither new chairs nor new systems will prevent you from falling, when they are made of so very flimsy materials. You certainly, Mr. Bawlwell, do not suppose, that these mountebank tricks are to atone for a fraud?”

“Fraud, is a term of prejudice: it has its foundation on the absurdity of property.”

“We have not leisure to attend to any more of your jargon, but give up the note, or attend the warrant. If your defence, that you used loaded dice, in order to be able to build a lecture-room for exciting sedition, and attempting to stir up rebellion,

lion, passes with the magistrate at Bow Street, we shall acquiesce."

"Dear Citizen, the magistrates at Bow Street, and even our higher magistrates, are all prejudiced persons; the protectors of property, laws, government, and every other usurpation of the rights of nature. It will be in vain for me to appeal to them, I might as well solicit the High Priest of London to grant me his cathedral for communicating from the rostrum the doctrines of Godwin on marriage, property, promises, laws, government, and religion, my own doctrine on the rights of nature, the immortal Paine's doctrines on the *Rights of Man* and the *Age of Reason*."

"But the note," said Douglas.

"If you are so blind to reason and true philosophy as to insist on it, my scheme of instruction must be somewhat postponed, until some other stratagem shall be more successful."

"Refund, or take the consequences, immediately."

"Of

“Of two evils I shall take the least ; and, since you are invincible to true philosophy, I must comply with your prejudices.”

So saying, he produced the note, and offered it to Douglas.

“You must specify on the note why it is returned.”

“What, Citizen, your want of philosophy?”

“No, your fraud. You shall write as I dictate, or both note, dice, and you, shall be carried before the Justice.”

“Well, Citizen, what must be, must be. It is force against reason and philosophy. I perceive I must comply.”

Douglas dictated as follows:—

“Having procured this note from Mr. Sidney, by the fraudulent means of loaded dice, I hereby discharge him from any debt to me, and acknowledge myself a cheat.

“JOHN BAWLWELL.”

“This will be an honourable testimony,  
Mr. Orator,

Mr. Orator, in favour of your moral principles."

"O," said Bawlwell, "the new morality is quite different from the old. The disciples of the new morals will not esteem me the less for this stratagem. I must, indeed, conceal it from those that are only half and half, and not yet thoroughly broken in.

Although Douglas was able to extricate Sidney from the fangs of the reforming lecturer, it was out of his power to save him from the effects of his confidence in the disciple of Subtlewould. The amount, with expences, was about one hundred and thirty pounds. Douglas's stock did not exceed half that sum; and the expences of the family, he knew, would require the addition of his pittance, unless a remittance should soon arrive. But as he had a high opinion of Sidney's ground-work, and was in hopes that dear bought experience would cure him of some part of his wild and extravagant opinions, he resolved to  
straiten

to straiten himself to prevent the distress of his friend. He went to Sidney's creditors, and offered to pay one fourth for him, if they would allow him three months for the rest. On enquiring into Douglas's character, they agreed to this accommodation, taking their joint security for one hundred pounds. Although Douglas was conscious that he was actuated by the most generous motives, he was far from being easy under the responsibility which he had incurred, because, though the sum was not considerable in comparison of his expectations, it was much beyond what he had the means of raising. Sidney expressed, and, indeed, felt, fervent gratitude to his friend, and could not avoid some change in his opinion of the comparative goodness of the new and old system of morals, as he had been distressed by the villainy of votaries of the new doctrines, and extricated by the generosity of a votary of the old.



## CHAP. VII.

Arrival of Rhodomontade and his Friends in Town—  
Visit of Swearwell to Mr. Manage—Intimacy commences between the Rhodomontades and the accomplished Family of the Dips—'Squire Dip's Account of the Playhouse—Mrs. Dip's Skill in rehearsing Plays—Christmas Party at Dip-Hall—Elegant Prospects of that Mansion—Rural Prospects of a Tradesman's Villa.

MR. Manage, at last, met with the passenger who had come from Madagascar. This gentleman had sailed in the same ship with Mr. Douglas, from Madras, and said, that his health appeared very indifferent during their passage. They had been overtaken by a violent storm from the east, which raged for many days, until they were driven to Madagascar, on the coast of which they were wrecked. Mr. Douglas's indisposition had increased during  
ing

ing the storm, and from the rain and seawater which they had to endure in their boat, coming a-shore, and became worse and worse every day. When he had last enquired at the house in which Mr. Douglas was lodged, he heard he was at the point of death. He (the narrator) with several other passengers and sailors, went on board a Portuguese ship, which had been driven to the same, but without being materially damaged, and had sailed in her to Lisbon. Just as they were under weigh, he had heard by a boat from shore that Mr. Douglas was actually dead. On farther enquiry, Mr. Manage found that it was in the same ship that the Scotch sailor had come to Lisbon.

Mr. Manage said, he had no doubt of the melancholy event having taken place, but that he must suspend every act respecting his effects until the arrival of some who had been a-shore at the time he was said to have died.

Mr. Manage was one morning visited by

his worthy acquaintance, Mr. Swearwell. "Aye, my old blade, I am rejoiced to see your chubby phiz again. Well, any more confirmation of the Nabob's exit? Any more accounts from Madagascar?"

"None, but what arrived in the same ship with those you received."

"O, there can be no doubt of it. Old Rhode, Mrs. Douglas, and I, are just come to town in a *post-shay*. We slept last night at that place where the mills are, upon which a song is made."

"Baldock, most likely," said Mr. Manage.

"Aye, the same. Arrah, by Jasus, the chamber-maid there is one of the finest, tightest, little girls I have ever seen, since I left the Curraugh of Kildare. Old Rhode was casting a sheep's eye at her, for he is a wicked old dog; you will like him hugely, he is quite an old reprobate. I must bring him to dine with you—he has such a set of songs and stories as will make  
you

you split your sides with laughing. Do you dine at home to-day?"

"Why, I am sorry it is not in my power to receive you and your friend to-day."

"When shall we meet upon the business of Mr. Douglas's effects?"

"Your first object is to have the will registered in Doctors' Commons."

"Why, Sir, Mrs. Douglas was saying, that, as she could produce the will to you, the shortest way would be to transfer the property to her, she allowing you the consideration that I mentioned; and then you could register the will at your leisure, and we could give you up the vouchers: and so even if the General's family wish to dispute the will, it would answer no purpose, because they would know nothing about it, or where the property was."

"You mean, Mr. Swearwell, that we should divide the property between us in certain portions, as should be agreed upon; then if the General chose to bring an action, that we could be able to resist it, by

concealing the effects, of which I, as agent, had the disposal. In that case, you say you would allow me a fourth of the whole?"

"Certainly," said Swearwell, "I think that would be the least you could reasonably expect."

"But would you think it altogether fair?"

"O Lord! Sir, how should any body know of it?"

"To be sure there is something in that; but then I should have some scruples about being guilty of a breach of trust. I will not say whether these might be got over."

"Come, come, Manage, I understand you very well, we shall not stick at a fourth; we'll rather let you have a third, than have all the plague of courts and brow-beating witnesses, and all that. I am myself a very modest man, and easily dashed, though I be conscious of speaking truth."

"I make no doubt but such an exhibition

tion would set aukwardly upon you," said Mr. Manage, "you're not accustomed to it, I dare say."

"No, I am not."

"But, Mr. Swearwell, as I am a man of business, I like every thing in black and white. Could not Mrs. Douglas make a written proposal? You may depend upon it, as soon as I am properly authorized to proceed, I shall lose no time in having the matter completely settled."

"Well, Sir," said Swearwell, "I'll talk the matter over with my friends, and I shall call upon you to-morrow. We shall dine with some fellow-travellers; I did not, indeed, promise, for when they proposed it I said, I know if my friend, Mr. Manage, be disengaged, he will not part with me, and we will send for Rhode, but if we should not dine with him, said I, we shall come and dine with you. Our fellow-travellers are people of great consequence, 'Squire Dip and his family. The 'Squire has been just buying a bit of land near

Tadcaster, and as we stopped a day at York, and were at the hotel, and both understood each other to be people of condition, we soon all became acquainted, and travelled to town together. The 'Squire and Rhode got hand and glove the first night, at supper, as did the young gentleman and I; and Mrs. Douglas and Mrs. Dip immediately took a great fancy to each other. It would have done your heart good to have seen how merry we all were last night, at Baldock. The landlord too, is most choice company, and we joked and laughed so, that the ladies declared they could stay no longer. Rhode then gave us some of his best songs, a wicked old dog he is, and the funniest fellow. But the landlord and 'Squire Dip gave us a song in chorus about the Bell at *Hartford*, the funniest that ever I heard in my life. 'G—d,' says Rhode, 'Swearwell, this beats your Langlee and Paddy Whack, all to nothing;' for you must know, Mr. Manager, I am famous for these songs, 'and  
Egad,



Egad, Rhode, it beats your Robin Rattle, and Duncan Grey. But the best joke, Sir, of all was, we heard a tittering behind the door, and looking out, who were there but the ladies."

"They were highly entertained, no doubt," said Mr. Manage.

"Aye, but poor Dip, who rather stands in awe of his wife, was down in the mouth, lest she should be angry. However, all she said was, 'Ah! Jacob, Jacob, you'll never leave off your old tricks.'"

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Manage, "you appear very fortunate in having made such an acquaintance, as from what you say, they are a party perfectly to your taste; so don't let me detain you longer from so agreeable a company, but remember the written proposals."

"O, that I will, never fear—good afternoon."

Swearwell then hied himself to the Swan with two Necks, Lad Lane, where, by the advice of the post-boy, whose brother was

a waiter at the inn, they had taken up their quarters. Swearwell found the company going to sit down to dinner which they ordered so early as three o'clock, as 'Squire Dip and his lady were, in the evening, to go to their villa at Stepney Green.

"Well, my dear boy," said Rhode, "good news, I hope?"

"Yes, yes," said Swearwell, "every thing is in the right way. Manage would have me staid dinner with him, and was going actually to hide my hat for the purpose."

"*Papa*," said Mrs. Douglas, "he must be just such another as you, by them pranks."

"I assure you, Ma'am," said Mr. Dip, "Mr. Manage is not half so agreeable a man as Mr. Rhodomontade. We met with him at Margate, we were in the same boarding-house. He one of the most reservedest, most proudest, and most ill-bredest men I ever *knowed*."

"Is

“ Is he, indeed ?” said Swearwell, “ I should not have thought that.”

“ Oh, yes,” said Mrs. Dip, “ I think I *knows* what breeding is, and I’ll give an *incense of his’n*. There was a parson there, in the same house with his wife, and what do you think ? Although I heard for certain that he had not more than two hundred a year, clear in the world—although the ’Squire, God be praised, could produce a guinea for every half-crown he had, yet Mr. Manage preferred the company of the parson and his wife to ’Squire Dip and me. There was breeding for you ; there was minding people of *extinction*. I never, in my born days received such rudeness, except once. However, I always, as I *says*, *compute*th at to people’s ignorance. There is no getting all people to have the breeding they *oft* to have.”

“ A very just remark, Ma’am,” said Mr. Swearwell. “ Shall I help you to some more fish, Ma’am ? Would you like a bit of the roe ?”

“ I am extremely obliged to you, Sir, for your *pelite* pretensions, I like's the roe very much, but it does not like me; it always gives me the cholic.—You remember, spouse, how I was took ill at the assembly, at Bethnal Green, after eating too much roe to my dinner.”

“ Aye, aye, spouse, I remember Mr. Lutestring, the salesman of Houndsditch, was master of the ceremonies, and he advised me to make you *drinked* some burned brandy.”

“ Mr. Lutestring,” said the lady, “ is a person of real breeding.”

“ Would you drink a glass of wine, Madam, after your fish ?”

“ I would be more agreeable, if you please, Sir, to the least drop of spirits.”

“ Waiter, a noggin of brandy here.”

“ I beg your pardon,” said 'Squire Dip, “ but if I may presume to set you to rights, the most genteelest phrase, in London, is *a go*: so, waiter, bring two *goes* of brandy here.”

Swearwell

Swearwell thanked him for his information, but observed that the *goes* were very small.

Mrs. Dip then resumed the conversation on good breeding, informing the strangers of many compliments that had been paid to her on the score of her manners, for all which her husband vouched. It would, she added, be very surprizing if she was not a *pelite* person, as she was acquainted with the very tip-top company; “and I shall, Madam, be very happy to introduce a lady of your condition to the very best people of Goodman’s Fields, Whitechapel, and Norton Falgate.”

“I am extremely obliged to you, Madam,” said Mrs. Douglas; “I think it a piece of great good luck for me to have *foregathered* with so agreeable a company.”

“We have the choicest of pastimes about London,” said ’Squire Dip; “it is a pity that you are too late for Sadler’s Wells. However the next best to that is the Harlequin’s,

lequin's, and the season for them is just beginning. You have a great loss too in not seeing *Ashley's*, though, to be sure, there are some of them farces, as you call them, almost as good, such as I have seen at the playhouse. I'll give you my word I have seen some of the actors make faces, play tricks, and skip about as funnily and cleverly as if it had been General Jackoo himself; and to be sure the folks did laugh as much as if it had."

"I was at a Harlequin last winter; O Lord how it would have made you laugh. There was the clown, as they call him, and a crab took hold of his nose. To be sure I never did laugh so in my life. Then there is another, I *forgets* the names of them all, in which a young dog comes in and cuts off the skirts of his uncle's coat, ha, ha, ha; and the uncle takes it for a shew, as he as brought him. There's another, a very funny one too, in which a parson steals a dram bottle from a little corporal; but

but I *likes* your *ballads* very much, where you *sees* men come in and make faces, and look as if they were praying; and make love, and quarrel and fight, dancing all the while."

"That's very funny too; though I don't know why the devil they call them *ballads*, for naider a word they sing, or speak, all the while."

"There's another very funny play too, in which there's an excellent good joke, about a man being hid in a sack."

"Them are the kind of plays I *likes*; but there are some that *makes* me drowsy. There's one in which a girl gets man's clothes on and goes away with another girl to a wood, there she lights on her sweet-heart and also her own father. I don't remember all the out's and in's of it, but I remember one of the names was almost the same as one of the inns at Baldock."

"What, the White Horse?" said Swearwell.

"No,



“No, not that one *as* we lay at, but the other.”

“Oh, that was the Rose and Crown.”

“Oh, I remember Rose and Crown is one of the characters in Hamlet,” said Swearwell.

“So it is,” said Mrs. Dip, “I *remembers* it perfectly. I am very fond of Hamlet. I *likes* tragedies. I think them are the genteel taste.”

“I perfectly agree with you,” said Mrs. Douglas.

“I,” said Mrs. Dip, “could *reverse* many pieces of tragedy.”

“Spouse,” said the ‘Squire, “was a choice *reverser* of tragedy, and so was my son there.”

“Pray, Madam, would not you favour us,” said Swearwell, “with a speech, as we have nothing else to do; it would pass the time.”

“Sir, I cannot refuse any thing to your *peliteness*. I shall give you,” said she, “one out of the *Morning Bride*:”

“Music

“ Music hath charms to smoothe a salvage  
“ heart,  
“ To soften rocks, and bend knotted ox;  
“ I have heard that things animate  
“ Have moved with music.”

Very fine, echoed from every mouth.

“ I think,” said Swearwell, “ that I have a taste in plays, at least I have been told so, and the devil burn me if I do not think that was charming speaking.”

“ Eh, God,” said the 'Squire, “ that about the ox is true to my own certain knowledge. I remember I was once coming from Edinburgh in the mail coach, just as we had left Northallerton the guard blew his horn, and a parcel of oxen, that were grazing in a field, were so delighted with it, that they ran along two or three fields, by the side of the road, skipping and roaring, which *shew* that them *beastes* is fond of music; and, indeed, for that matter, so am I myself.”

“ Do you ever sing, Madam?” said Mrs. Douglas.

“ No,

“ No, Madam, my voice is gone now. I could once sing well enough.”

“ Perhaps you would still be prevailed on, Madam, to favour us with a song.”

“ Why, it is not my turn; if any of the company will shew me the example, I will sing in turn.”

“ Come Swearwell,” said Mrs. Douglas, “ begin you; you have a very fine voice, as I dare say the company will allow.”

“ Shall I give you a merry song, ladies, or a *tinder*.”

“ *Tinder*, by all means,” said Mrs. Dip, “ *I am tinder myself*.”

“ Then suppose, Mrs. Douglas, I give you ‘ *Lovely Nymph*.’ You must *set still like Daphne*, and *I kneel down like Pollo*.” Accordingly, Swearwell, after clearing his throat, by a dozen of haughs, and having made several attempts to pitch his voice properly, began:

“ Lo, o, o, o, o, ovely *nimph* assuaage my  
“ anguis,  
“ At your fe e et a *tinder swine*, &c. &c.

While

While he was proceeding, the fair Daphne was so attracted by his music that she did not pay proper attention to a full glass that she held in her hand, and let the whole contents, consisting of cherry-bounce, drop on the new buckskin breeches of the God of Music. Although this accident, for some time, interrupted the *harmony* of this "Prince of Song," he at last recovered the proper tone, and went through it, to the admiration of the company. Mrs. Dip, although past the meridian of her charms, or more properly speaking of her age, for her charms were about as great as ever, was greatly impressed by the manners and accomplishments of the *tinder* swine, and thought him the finest man she had met with, since about five years before that she had conceived a most affectionate regard for a gentleman; that is a gentleman that had the honour of brushing the clothes of a Lord. The affection of Mrs. Douglas, for the accomplished Swearwell, did not escape the penetration of the lady  
of

of 'Squire Dip. Indeed she dived the more readily into the sentiments of the other from conceiving them probable towards such an object. It is a most fortunate circumstance, that as all men are neither Adonises or Apollos, all women do not require such beauty and symmetry in the objects of their love. How far this observation applies to our two ladies will appear from a description of the person of this their *swine*; a description that necessarily involves in it some particulars of his history. Patrick Swearwell was the son of one of the Misses Rhodomontade, (these, the sisters of the illustrious proprietor of Rogue Place, six in number, had all distinguished themselves as anticipators of the morals inculcated by Godwin and Wollstonecraft,) who had left her native country with a recruiting Serjeant. About a twelve-month after she brought to the world a male infant; who the father was, as the lady herself never ventured with precision to ascertain, it would be vain to enquire; she

she declared, however, she could safely say that it belonged to the Grenadier company. The youth received the first elements of his education in a workhouse, and learned to spell, read, and write, at a charity-school. Increasing in size and strength, he betook himself to Dublin, where, devoting himself to the service of the ladies, he carried their lovely persons in chairs. This occupation distended the calves of his legs, naturally large, and might have swelled them beyond their due proportion, had he not addicted his mornings to carrying large weights from ships, so that his shoulders widened in proportion to the thickness of his legs. Many women reckoned him a very fine man. He was five feet eleven inches high, his face large, ruddy, and engraved with the small-pox; his shoulders were extremely broad; his legs were short, somewhat bandy, with remarkably large calves. Leaving the employments of porter and chairman, he became servant to an attorney, and there acquired his knowledge  
of

of the law. His mother returning from America, where she had been a dozen of years, and buried nine husbands, took him over with her from Ireland, and presented him to his worthy uncle as her eldest hope, (her other progeny being dispersed in various quarters of the globe,) declaring, as she introduced him, that she trusted he would not be unworthy of the Rogue Place family. She had given him the name of Swearwell, in honour of a *private* gentleman who had left his country in consequence of a testimony that he had given while clerk to an attorney, and who she thought as likely to be his father as any other.

Rhodomontade advised Swearwell to set up as a lawyer in his neighbourhood. The accomplished youth gained the affections of Mrs. Douglas as has been already recorded. Mrs. Dip was no less smitten with his accomplishments; she, on her own account, and that of her son Theodore, conceived a project, which she determined to  
lose



lose no time in executing. She had learned, from Mrs. Douglas, the history of the legacy, and thought ten thousand pounds would be an excellent sum for her dear boy, in addition to what he might gain by prudent management through her, as guardian of her son, she accordingly took an early opportunity of desiring a private conference with the hopeful youth. She represented to him the advantages, certain and probable, from such an alliance.

He objected to her age, which was at least seven years more than his.

“Aye,” said she, “boy, you have no experience, or you would like her all the better; but, besides, all women are not seven years older than you.” This last motherly suggestion was not without effect on the son.

“Egad,” says he, “if I marry her I’ll have money at command; and I’ll be damned if I don’t get possession of that girl, Wilson.”

It was agreed that Theodore should make  
immediate

immediate love to the widow. Mrs. Dip undertook to prepare her for his addresses. Mrs. Douglas, on hearing of the fortune and prospects of young 'Squire Dip, was not without an inclination to the match, but she could not give any answer until she consulted, as she herself said, her father; but really, Mr. Swearwell, who she was afraid would be extremely averse to her marrying any other than himself. She, indeed, preferred him as a lover; but her principles, on that subject, being truly Godwinian, she did not conceive that her marriage with another need make any difference in that respect. Swearwell was by no means inexorable. "My dare Molly," said he, "tenderly embracing her, whatever is for your interest, you know, I will agree to, on certain amicable conditions. You have already appointed me guardian to the boy, that appointment must stand. You and I shall divide the ten thousand pounds between us. I will draw up a bond for  
for

for five thousand immediately, which you will sign."

The lady not answering—

"My dare Molly, you cannot hesitate a moment at this; you know what I have ventured for you (pointing to his neck); you know if I was inclined I could blow the whole matter up, so you cannot be so unreasonable as to refuse."

"Well, I will comply," said she, "but must I lose you, my dear, my beloved Patrick."

"O, by no means, my dear girl. What is to hinder us from being as good friends in the time of your second gingerbread husband as of your gouty first."

Swearwell had seen the advances of Mrs. Dip, and conceiving her to have the management of her husband's purse, was determined to return them. Having made an assignation with the intended bride of the young 'Squire to visit her apartments at midnight, as usual, they both returned to the company, whom they found very

merry, listening to Rhodomontade's recital of his adventures in foreign parts. The Dip family were so fond of their new friends that they agreed to stay at the inn all night. As they had plentiful supplies of liquor to enliven their conversation, Dip and Rhodomontade became intoxicated, a state in which his worthy lady seemed to encourage the 'Squire, making his brandy and water herself, much stronger than that of any other person. He was soon dead drunk, and, as Swearwell carried him to bed, and undressed him, the lady, with more truth than she intended, said, "there's a swine for you. Aye, Mr. Swearwell, what a lot it is to be joined to such a beast, although I have a heart that could love any man deserving to be loved."

"I wish," said the gallant Swearwell, "I were that man."

"You are a man deserving any woman's love," replied Mrs. Dip, with a soft simper, that might not improperly be styled a leer,  
"and

“and I have not the least doubt that you are as honourable as agreeable.”

To this Swearwell returned a very loving answer.

She gave him to understand that she wished for a long private conversation with him about the projected marriage of her son and the fair widow; but that they might not be interrupted she appointed the house of (she said) one of her most particular friends, where they might converse fully without being *mislested*. After a kind and tender embrace the couple parted.

The next day Mr. Swearwell conducted his fair friend and her father to the house of Mr. Manage. Mrs. Douglas opened the conversation with a profusion of compliments to Mr. Manage on account of his genteelness, as reported by her friend, Mr. Swearwell, and made no doubt, she said, that every thing would be settled in the most agreeable manner.

Mr. Swearwell renewed his proposals of

the preceding day, that an immediate division might take place, without the formality, trouble, and expence of *proving the will*.

Rhodomontade seconded this motion, and construing Mr. Manage's silence into a willingness to enter upon terms, he proceeded. "Molly, my dear, I must fairly say that I think one-fourth would be too little a share to this good and worthy gentleman for his care of your late brother-in-law's effects, and his liberal manner of behaving to us.—Pray, Sir, would you think one-third of the property equal to what you have a just title to expect?"

"Most undoubtedly I should, Sir."

"And what, Sir, should you suppose the whole amount may be?"

"Why, Sir, as I have no motives for concealment, I can candidly tell you that there is upwards of sixty thousand pounds in this country, and, I should suppose, twenty more at least in India."

"Suppose, then, we divide now the whole  
that

that is in Britain, and the remainder afterwards, as it comes to hand. You, Mr. Manage, will keep twenty thousand pounds to yourself, and make over forty to us, as guardians for the heirs. It can be settled in an hour or two."

"Mr. Rhodomontade," said Mr. Manage, "you are a very expeditious transactor of business. You come to the point at once, but it requires mature deliberation. In the first place, we are not yet certainly informed that the proprietor is dead. I really must say that it would be rather too expeditious to divide his money amongst us before we are sure that he may not come and claim it himself."

"He is dead, you may depend on it," replied Rhodomontade. "I know one that will swear he was at his burial." A restraining wink, from Swearwell, prevented him from proceeding.

"After," said Mr. Manage, "we are assured he is dead, I should think it neces-



sary to have his will produced, before I could be justified in taking any steps."

"My dear boy," said Swearwell, "you are going from the point. You know our plan is to settle that by a *fair* division with yourself; my friends, here, are come to town for the purpose. Rhode has occasion for some money himself to prevent the foreclosure of a mortgage."

"How should this money prevent the foreclosure of Mr. Rhodomontade's mortgage?"

"Lord, the easiest thing in the world," said Swearwell; "Are we not the child's guardians? It would be very hard if a guardian could not take a washing of his ward's money to accommodate himself."

"Oh, that's the way in which you solve the difficulty."

"To be sure it is; good God, Manage, I did not think you had been so dull. Unless this will is produced, by what right do you establish yourselves guardians?"

"By

“ By getting the management of the money from our private agreement with you. You understand me now, old boy.”

“ Most thoroughly.”

“ Why, Lord, then let us settle the matter at once. I shall consider what is to be done ; in the mean time I should be happy to see the person who was present at the burial of my friend, but you will excuse me for this morning. It will be unnecessary for you to trouble yourselves with calling again until it is ascertained that Mr. Douglas is actually dead.”

It was Manage's object to induce them to bring forward the will, as he had no doubt that it could be proved to be a forgery. Sweatwell was not so well pleased with this visit as he had been with his former. He thought Mr. Manage much too particularly strict in waiting for certain proofs of the death of Mr. Douglas. “ D——n me,” said he to Rhodomontade, “ even if he were not dead, if we had once money amongst us, possession, as the old

saying is, is nine points of the law. I wish I had mentioned that to Manage."

"Why not do it now?" said Rhodomontade, "write him a letter proposing that—"

"A very good thought;—but no, the less that one puts on black and white the better."

It was then concerted between these three worthy personages, that the marriage with young 'Squire Dip should be hurried, lest any unfortunate accident should disappoint them of the succession. Mr. Swearwell sent a note to Mr. Manage, requesting another interview the succeeding day, to which he received the following answer:

London, Dec. 23.

"SIR,

"It will be impossible for me to take any of the steps you desire, concerning the effects of Mr. Douglas, unless, after being assured of his death, the production of a last will shall authorize me. I am going  
out

out of town for some weeks, but shall be within call, should my presence be requisite.

“ I am, Sir, &c.

“ J. MANAGE.”

This letter was by no means satisfactory to the trio, as they were in hopes of having matters adjusted without any discussion. Swearwell, judging from himself, concluded that Mr. Manage had had recourse to our hero, and had acted on the idea of a better bargain from him than from Mrs. Douglas. As he saw that at any rate the matter might be doubtful, he urged the propriety of a speedy conclusion with young Dip. Swearwell was very expert in counterfeiting hand-writings, he accordingly wrote a letter to himself from Mr. Manage, which he took an opportunity of reading the next day to the Dip family who had come from Stepney to request the company of Mrs. Douglas's party to spend the Christmas holidays, then about to commence. The invitation being

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accepted

accepted of, the 'Squire, his lady, and son, dined at the inn, as the guests of Mr. Rhodomontade and his friends. The conversation after dinner having turned on the legacies coming to Mrs. Douglas and her son, Swearwell, who had not entered the room till dinner was on the table, requested the permission of the company to read a letter, which, he said, he had found *laying* for him, but had not had time to open. Leave being granted, he very gravely opened the epistle, and his face brightening as he read, called out, "A d——d honest fellow, a most worthy man!"

"Who is that you are praising?" said Rhodomontade.

"My friend Manage," said he; "but as we are all friends, if you will give me leave, I will read you the letter."

He accordingly began as follows:

Dec. 24.

"MY DEAR BOY,

"I have carefully looked over the will, and all the other documents you have left  
with

with me, and which, now that the old Nabob *is kicked the bucket*, puts your ward in possession of a capital fortune. I am obliged to go for a fortnight to Bath, but shall, on my return, make over to you, my friend Rhode, and Mrs. Douglas, the property, which, I doubt not, you will bestow in the most *advantageousest* manner for your ward. To have every thing clear off before we settle the main chance, I wish to pay Mrs. Douglas off her ten thousand pounds. I desire you, as a professional man, will make out the right receipts against I come to town, that every thing may be *fair and square*: I wish I had you with me at Bath, you are so funny and comical.

“Your humble servant,

“to command,

“J. MANAGE.”

“Well, Madam Dip, don’t you think this is a very friendly letter?”

“I confess,” said she, “that his breed-

L. 6.

ing.



ing is better than I *thoft* it at Margate." I am very happy to see, my dear Mrs. Douglas, that every thing will go to your mind."

"Rhode," said Swearwell, "what a stupe you were, not to remind me to draw upon him for some of the ready before he went out of town; as knowing what we were to receive, we brought so little with us."

"O," said Rhode, perfectly comprehending his friend, "it is of no consequence, if we have run out, we can draw on the old Bank of Edinburgh for what we want. I think, my boy, you must write for a credit."

Mrs. Dip then leaving the room, sent for the 'Squire, and as she had before taught him to look on Mrs. Douglas as his future daughter-in-law, she said, "Jacob, it would be doing the genteel thing for you to offer a supply in the mean time, which might afterwards be deducted from what  
you



you intended for Theodore on the day of his marriage.

“ You know, Jacob,” continued she, “ I am none of your *extravagums*, and I never *advises* you to part with money for charity, or to assist distressed people and such riff raff; you know if it was not for my counsel you would have been fool enough to have lent money to your foolish old uncle, to keep him from the King’s Bench; but here it is for your good, and for the honour of Theodore.”

“ Spouse,” said Jacob, “ I know you *knows* what is the genteel thing better than any person *whatsomever*.”

“ Then,” said she, “ write a check on the banker for a hundred pounds, and give it to Mr. Swearwell; or stay, you will make some blunder, draw the check and leave it with me.”

Jacob having done as he was ordered, Swearwell joined the lady. Mrs. Dip hastily presented him with the draft, which he pretended to receive with reluctance.

Not

Not choosing to be long absent from the company, they agreed to meet the next day at the house of the same friend where they had already met. Matters being arranged respecting the visit at the Stepney villa, the Dips departed, but not before Theodore had made very strong protestations of love to Mrs. Douglas, which she received with the most coy confusion, and with rebukes of the most gentle kind.

On the appointed day, Mr. Rhodomontade, his nephew, and daughter betook themselves to Dip Hall. Alighting at the gate, they were received by the 'Squire himself. They were ushered [in through what Mr. Dip called his pleasure-ground, which consisted of a broad gravel walk from the gate to the house, with a row of Yew trees formed into a hedge, and in various parts cut into the resemblance of birds and beasts, with here and there an image of a shepherd and shepherdess; as they ascended the steps, a short lane opened to them between the hedge and the house,

at the end of which was a dog-kennel; the left hand vista was terminated by a hog-trough, from whence the company were agreeably serenaded when they happened to be going to the parterre which joined the repository of those useful animals. The parterre was hidden from the house by a large hedge, which also answered the purpose of giving a cooling shade to the *repository*. "You see," said Mr. Dip, we have charming rural prospects, but this is not the time of the year for seeing them in perfection."

They were conducted to the drawing-room, and received by Mrs. Dip, with the kindest courtesy.

"My dear Mrs. Douglas, let me welcome you to Dip Hall, a place which will be your own, when Jacob and I are dead and gone."

Meanwhile, Jacob was shewing the different prospects from this more elevated situation. Before them was a large cabbage-garden, beyond which there was a

COW-

cow-yard, belonging to a great milkman. That prospect was terminated by Whitechapel Workhouse. At the back of the house was a kitchen-garden, ornamented in the middle by a duck-pond, beyond that, a field, in which, among other animals, there were several she asses, for the benefit of Theodore, with whom, his mother said, nothing agreed so well as asses milk. Beyond the parterre was a tanner's yard, which joined Limehouse, the spire of which terminated this prospect. From the other side of the house the view extended to Saltpetre Bank, Shadwell church, and Ratcliff Highway. From the upper stories you might even see the length of Wapping and Rotherhithe. From these agreeable objects they were soon called by Mrs. Dip, who desired Jacob to get them a drop of something comfortable to drink. The gentlemen accordingly took a glass of rum and water, by way of a *whet*, while the ladies confined themselves to cinnamon-water. Mr. Dip entertained the gentlemen

men with the history of various neighbours, whose houses he pointed out, informing them what he supposed them worth, and what way they had made their money. "My friend Blubber, as lives over there, to the left of the cabbage-garden, if he is worth a farthing, he is worth twenty thousand pounds, made in the oil line. The milkman too, has made a pretty penny. The tanner is before them all. But that red brick house over the way, belongs to one of your poor devils, one of your *scholarads*, them sort of cattle! His neighbour, over there, the chimney-sweeper, is a much better man than he. Aye, by a thousand pounds."

Mrs. Dip was entertaining Mrs. Douglas with the history of the female inhabitants of the same houses, and told a story of the great insolence of a young man at Mile End assembly, who, though not worth a groat, had had the audacity, at a country dance, to stand above Mr. Blubber. This interesting conversation was interrupted

rupted by the coachman, who came to inform them that dinner was ready. Besides the Douglas's, Mr. and Mrs. Rug from East Smithfield, a smart, spruce young friend of Theodore's from the west end of the town, whom he brought to shew what genteel company he kept, were of the party. A considerable time was spent at the drawing-room door before it could be determined who was to lead the van. Mrs. Rug insisting Mrs. Douglas, as the greatest stranger, should go first, and Mrs. Douglas declaring she could not be guilty of such a thing for the universe ; at last Theodore prevailed on his inamorata to march out first ; accordingly they made their way to the parlour, where they found a truly *substantial* dinner. At the head of the table there was an enormous turbot, which, being greatly beyond the compass of the dish, had as an additional support, a large tablecloth folded under it ; at the bottom a round of beef ; in the middle a large Yorkshire pye ; on one side a ham, on the other  
a huge



a huge cock turkey, with the usual appurtenances of vegetables, puddings, pies, &c. The 'Squire entertained them with an account of his own expedition to Billingsgate to buy the fish, and that by good luck he had hit on one of the *largest* that had been *ketched* this year. "So my friends," (said the facetious 'Squire,) "you need not spare, you may all have a belly full." Not long after, beginning to carve the beef, he called out, "Ladies, who wants buttock?" This Mrs. Rug taking as a joke, though not meant as such, laughed at most immoderately; saying, "Mr. Dip, you are so comical, and droll, you *makes* one laugh so."

In due time the fish and beef were removed by a goose and a fillet of veal roasted. The company having done honour to the dinner, did no less honour to the wine and punch. The ladies had each a glass of ratifie, which some of them found to have a carminative effect. While the gentlemen, whether as a preventive to any annoyance, or some other cause, betook themselves



selves to smoking; in these agreeable pastimes they spent the evening. Mr. Rug and Mr. Dip, their hearts being opened with liquor, gave each many hints of their consequence in their respective parishes. Mr. Dip gave a very long and circumstantial account of his own demeanour in the capacity of an overseer, when in business, in the Parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, with many quotations from his own eloquence in the vestry. In the course of his narratives he digressed to an account of the cash he usually kept at his banker's, and said, that, though he was now out of trade, he found many opportunities of making good bargains, and had, generally, from five hundred to a thousand pounds lying there; at present, he said, he had seven hundred pounds.

Rhodomontade said he seldom ever exceeded five hundred, as he thought it was better laying it at interest.

Swearwell said that was his way generally, but that he frequently employed his cash  
in

in discounting bills. "By God," said he, "I have 350*l.* worth of bills in my desk at the inn just now, for which I have given cash; the first of them won't be due *this* six weeks."

"I think," begging your pardon, Mr. Dip, "you are to blame in letting your money lie idle so. You had better employ it in discounting bills."

The two *gentlemen* then entered into a whispering conversation, the result of which was Mr. Dip saying, "Bring them to me, it is as well my having the discount as another."

Theodore's friend, Mr. Dash, turned the talk on fashionable amusements. "He was extremely intimate," he said, "at Mrs. Fleech'em's, the Countess of Cogdie's, Mrs. Bankchest's, and other ladies of the first rank and consequence. By the Lord, however, they make us pay for their acquaintance. The reckoning is a great deal higher than either a first rate tavern or bagnio; however, you have the *same conveniencies*."

"What,

“What, Dash,” said 'Squire Dip, “you’re bouncing a little.”

“That I a’nt upon my honour; your son there know’s I a’nt.”

“Yes, Dash.” (says Theodore,)

“Dick Dimity, and I, one night last winter, looked in there; it was all Dimity’s doing, (said Dash;) he thought it would be a devilish flashy thing for a Linen Draper, from Newgate Street, to be shewing off among Lords and *Baronights*, and Ladies and Countesses, in St. James’s parish.” An old surly *putt* of an uncle of *hisn*, when he heard of it, said as how, going to such fine, flaunting, cheating ladies, for so the old fellow called them, was the way to get from Newgate Street into Newgate.

“Aye, aye, Master Theodore,” said the 'Squire, “your being fond of the best company is many a good pound out of my pocket.”

“And how,” said Mrs. Dip, with an air of dignity, “can your money be better employed than in introducing your son to  
the

the *most genteelest* of company. Our Theodore will make a figure in the world. I dares to say that the Lords, and the like of those, will fall in fancy with our Theodore, aye, and make him a parliament man ; and I have heard as how the greatest *pattrots* as we have spends most of their time at *faro*, and *them pastimes* ; so don't snub our Theodore so, Jacob."

" I think Madam Dip has the best of the argument there," said Swearwell. " I think men of fashion should learn fashionable amusements, and so I *tells* my intimate friend, the Duke of Grampion. His Grace is a very worthy man, but does not know much of the world, for he never plays at hazard." 'Squire Dip acknowledged himself in the wrong, and that a young man of Theodore's consequence should be allowed to get into the best of company. When Mrs. Rug was departing, in the evening, Mrs. Dip asked her what she thought of her new daughter-in-law that was to be ? Mrs. Rug, to whom  
the

the intended of Theodore had paid great attention, declared she was one of the most sensiblest of women she had met with. “ I *thinks* I *knows* when I *lights* upon genteel people. Any one may see from her manners and talk that she is a real gentlewoman. I can see that with half an eye; many of your *wulgar* people as one meets with in this *metopolus*, have so little to say for themselves, and are so *under-bred*, that they are quite a *bore*.”

“ I am very happy,” said Mrs. Dip, “ my dear Rug, that you like her so much. She has got plenty of the rhino; twenty thousand in hand, besides expectations. Her father, too, he has a great estate, which will all be her’s. But what do you think of the two gentlemen?”

“ He is a very clever man, the old one, and has so pure stories; that one about his being near hanged, at Canterbury, was an excellent joke.”

“ So it was, but the way in which he served the parson’s wig, was no worse.”

“ But

“ But what do you think of Mr. Swearwell?”

“ He is the cream of the jest, the flower of the flock ; he is a charming man as ever stepped in a leather shoe !”

The party remained several days at Dip Hall, during which time Theodore and Mrs. Douglas were hardly ever asunder. Mrs. Dip and Mr. Swearwell sometimes took a morning excursion to town, while the 'Squire and Rhodomontade walked in the neighbourhood. Swearwell had, some days before his visit to Dip Hall, met with an old acquaintance, from Dublin, who had had the goodness to accept bills for Swearwell, to the amount of 350*l.* payable at Mess. Mansfield and Ramsay's, bankers, at Edinburgh. He had the farther kindness to indorse them with Swearwell's name. The grateful Swearwell made him a present which enabled him to set off immediately for his own country. Swearwell bringing the bills to Mr. Dip, procured the cash, on paying the discount. The wor-



thy lawyer perceiving that the treaty between Mrs. Douglas and Theodore, would be very speedily concluded, drew up a bond for 5,000*l.* payable by her to him, and to be signed immediately, otherwise, he said, he would let the cat out of the bag. Mrs. Douglas was obliged to comply. Swearwell having secured this step, began next to cast about how Theodore should be enabled to discharge the bond, even if Mrs. Douglas did not receive the legacy. Accordingly he applied to the Governor-General of the family of whom he himself was the most confidential counsellor. He represented to her the propriety of an independent establishment for her son, that should be something of an equivalent for the fortune that he would receive by Mrs. Douglas. From Mrs. Dip he understood, that their landed property amounted to 1,000*l.* a year, and their monied to 10,000*l.* more. "Then," said Swearwell, "the least you can do is to settle 500*l.* a year, one half in land and the other in money. "My dear



dear Mrs. Dip, although Mrs. Douglas is only entitled to 10,000*l.* by the will, I shall manage, as guardian, out of my regard to her and you, matters so, that she will have double that sum; though I must honestly say, not immediately. Her jointure from the Douglas estate is 300*l.* a year, and her father's estate is 500*l.* a year in land, besides several mortgages to the amount of 4,000*l.* Her father is willing to settle one half of his landed income during his life, and the rest, of course, at his death. Now I think what we propose on the side of Mr. Dip, is not much, considering what he will receive."

"My dear Swearwell," said she, "I know both parties can trust you to have the terms and writings drawn up properly. I shall make Jacob do whatever you and I think reasonable."

The young couple became very anxious for the consummation of their wishes. So indefatigable was Swearwell, that, within a fortnight, matters were ready for a signature.

The treaty was concluded, and Theodore Dip, Esq. younger, of Dip Hall, was announced in all the papers, to have married Mrs. Douglas, widow of James Douglas, Esq. of Tay Bank.

After great rejoicings at Dip Hall, the party proposed to take a trip to Bath, partly for pleasure, and partly to meet Mr. Manage, who had been longer absent from London than he intended. Swearwell had, beforehand, learnt that he was to return in two days, and not choosing an explanation at present, in order that the Dips might avoid meeting him, proposed going by Salisbury, which was accordingly done. They proceeded to Bath, and when they found he was gone, Swearwell said, he thought it was best for him to return to London, as it was time to think of settling money matters. Theodore had, by this time, become extremely intimate with Swearwell, even to the explanation of his real views in marrying Mrs. Douglas, which were, to get from her and his father, the  
com-

command of much more cash than he had ever had. He also communicated to him his passion for Miss Wilson, that he was determined to gratify it, cost what it would. The kind Swearwell promised to be assisting to the utmost of his power. Arrived in London, Swearwell having several hundred pounds in his pocket, resolved to give a full swing to his love of pleasure, which he had never before had nearly the same means of doing. He again applied to Mr. Manage, who sent him a very cool answer, repeating that nothing could be done, until both the death and the will were proved; and, informing him, that he was so very busy that till that was done, he could not attend to any more letters on the subject. Swearwell was not without some thoughts of calling on our hero, and informing him of the whole circumstances of the case, but deferred that for two reasons; first, that he thought the will might be proved, and so he would get more on the other side; secondly, Mrs. Douglas had

taken the will into her own keeping, and had resolutely refused to part with it, so that she had it in her power to hang him. Indeed, that worthy lady had inherited, from her no less worthy father, a sort of intuitive perception of villainy; and had suspected the intentions of her gallant, still more from the time he compelled her to sign the bond; and determined that should he demand payment of it, she should have the gallows as a set off against it.—Meanwhile, Swearwell's note at four months, for 200l. to Mr. Manage became due. He being informed of it by a clerk, was somewhat nonplussed, as, when he granted it, he had not the smallest thoughts of being obliged to pay it. He had nearly as much money as might have settled it, but that he wanted himself; he therefore called on Mr. Manage, and begged it might be renewed, until there might be some prospect of a settlement. Manage allowed him two months more, but assured him, that when that time was elapsed, he would insist on payment.

payment. He then delivered Swearwell a letter from 'Squire Dip, enquiring when the legacies would be paid, which he desired Swearwell would answer himself, as he was determined to answer no letters on that subject, and was, besides, going out of the kingdom for some months on business of very great importance.

“What!” said Swearwell, “the war has begun; you have got a continental contract, I suppose, my old boy.”

“Mr. Swearwell, I must tell you once, and I hope I shall not have to repeat it again, that our relative situation is by no means such as to justify this familiarity.”

“Oh! my jolly cock, you are not angry, I hope?”

“I have one thing to say before I go, as I shall not see you again—take care of yourself; you tread on slippery ground; a timely retreat may yet save you, but perseverance is destruction.—I leave you to comment on this text.”

Swearwell did not write to 'Squire Dip

until he was assured that Mr. Manage was gone to Falmouth, in his way to Lisbon. He then wrote to him, that Mr. Manage and he had had a great deal of confidential conversation about the subject of Mr. Dip's letter. That the discovery of a considerable sum, belonging to the late Mr. Douglas, being at Lisbon, had induced Mr. Manage to take a voyage thither himself; that the money must remain as it was till his return. That account was by no means satisfactory, either to Dip or his son; Mrs. Dip, from her high opinion of Swearwell, thought better of it. Mrs. Dip, junior, and her father, suspected the truth that the legacies were much more distant than they had once concluded. Theodore, one day, asked his father-in-law at what season his rents were usually paid. Rhodomontade, suspecting the reason of that question, answered, at Michaelmas. The Dips proposed that the family, now united, should take a jaunt to Scotland, to view Mr. Rhodomontade's estate, and be back again in  
time



time to meet Mr. Manage; but that they should return to London, and take Swearwell with them. A circumstance gave the worthy Swearwell some uneasiness at this time, which was, that the bills of his Irish crony, on which he had raised cash from Dip, would be due in a few weeks. However, as he was not without invention, he tried, if possible, to extricate himself. He had learnt that the bills were left at a banker's, who had a correspondent in Edinburgh, to be sent there for payment, when due. He accordingly wrote a note, in exact imitation of Dip's hand, saying that he was just returned to town, and going to set off for Edinburgh immediately, therefore he would take the bills himself, which they would please to deliver the bearer. Having so written, he disguised himself as a porter, went boldly to the banker's, delivered the note, and received the bills, which he soon after very composedly committed to the flames.

The Dips came to town; Swearwell had



no objection to their going towards Scotland, as he had several reasons for not altogether being easy in London, but had no intention that they should go the full length, as that would discover the incorrectness of his statements respecting the Rhodomontade family. He set out the very evening that he had been at the banker's to his friends at Bath, who were to leave that place the next day, and arrived before they set out. He urged them, since they were for Scotland, to take a direct rout, and not go round by London; besides, that it would be quite a new road to them if they were to go by Oxford. He prevailed. They set off on their journey.

## CHAP. VIII.

Description of the Society frequently to be found in the Neighbourhood of London—Amusements of uneducated Idleness, Gossiping, Scandal—Timothy Tattle's authentic Narratives, and great Importance—A Self-created Court of Inquisitorial Inspection—Card Parties—Music—*Conversation.*

OUR hero had been faithfully informed, by Mr. Manage, of all the proposals of the Rhodomontade family, and had concluded that they were afraid to bring forward the pretended will. Although he was not very uneasy concerning the ultimate event of that business, he had several immediate causes of great uneasiness. The remittance from his father had never arrived. A letter of a late date from the General mentioned their having been sent off three months before that letter was written. His mother's dividends made an inconsiderable portion of the expence of the establishment which she had thought necessary for the honour

of her husband. Indeed he himself had considered 500l. a year absolutely necessary, in addition to the interest of his money in England, for the support of his family. The remittance in question had amounted to that sum, and for that specific purpose Mrs. Douglas's style of living had been on the faith of its arrival, and, indeed, from her inexperience of London, her expenditure greater than that sum would admit. Several debts had been incurred to tradesmen, who, as the season advanced, began to apply for their money. Douglas's upright mind would not cajole them by false pretences. THE PROUD HIGHLAND GENTLEMAN *would not stoop to flatter low ignorant retailers.* Finding, on particular enquiry, that their money was ultimately sure, they had no objection to continue credit; but knowing that immediate payment was inconvenient, *they, in the usual style of petty shopkeepers, took advantage of that circumstance to give worse goods, and take a higher price.* In other words, according to the customary  
mode

mode of the London vulgar, where they could, without a detriment to interest, or a fear of punishment, they practiced extortion and fraud. Some of them would also have ventured on insolence in the true meanness of power without sense or sentiment; but the dignified appearance of Douglas and his mother commanded their respect, and on one occasion his athletic figure struck fear. Of Douglas's neighbours some were able, not a few sensible and agreeable, a good part such as he could wish no harm to; but such as if he were never to see, he must soon cease to recollect that they were in existence. There were several gentlemen whose mind had been cultivated by an enlarged intercourse with mankind, who had intellect sharpened and invigorated by judicial contests, or expanded by comprehensive schemes of commerce, but a considerable number were of a much lower cast; men who, without original education, without the manners, sentiments, or knowledge of gentlemen, by  
plodding

plodding assiduity and skill, had realized a sufficient quantity of money to raise them to a station for which they were, by their habits, unfit. Such men a gentleman will not despise, because really useful, and in that view respectable members of society; but a gentleman will not select as his intimates, because they have not those talents nor qualities which will render them agreeable associates. If a man of the information, manners, and habits of a gentleman, happen to have, for his next neighbour, a maker of currycombs retired from business, he will not despise that person, if honest and decent, as a currycomb-maker is a very useful member of society, and ministers to the convenience of a very noble animal; still, however, it is ten to one if that decent and honest neighbour would be an agreeable companion to the informed gentleman, or, indeed, the informed gentleman to him; they are quite of a different class. The same would apply to a seller of fleecy hosiery; a shoe-maker, a butcher, a copy-  
ing

ing clerk, a bricklayer, or any other craft, merely mechanical, without any call for ingenuity. A blacksmith, a carpenter, a stonemason, may more likely attract the notice of a man of education, as their employments exercise more genius, and give more sources of ideas.

Douglas did not associate with many of his neighbours, because, in fact, he did not wish to sleep but at the proper hours, and the conversation of many of them was of a soporific quality.

Wilson having once seen Douglas in an assembly of them, met for some local arrangement, and perceiving that while *six* were speaking, good manners was in Douglas vying with tiredness, but could hardly defend him from sleep, asked him, after the party broke up, if he had not been taking too great a quantity of wine.

“Oh, Lord, no,” says he, “it is merely the effect of the speeches which several of them have been delivering in chorus; these have none of the enlivening qualities of generous  
wine;



wine; they resemble the fat, frousy, dull, stupifying qualities of porter."

If Douglas did not very generally consort with the men, his mother still more rarely associated with the women. The fair sex, in all ranks, have a much greater disposition to show than the men: for this various causes may be assigned; one, no doubt, is idleness, the want of important objects to occupy their attention. Show, with the greater number of women, is the criterion by which they estimate the value of individuals, or classes. Though this observation may be true, in a great degree, of ladies of sense, education, and manners, it applies with much fewer exceptions to those who *have not* sense, education, and manners, which it would be a sacrifice of truth to politeness if we did not allow to be the greatest number. Show, indeed, is the chief object of female education, more especially in the lower order of boarding-schools; those who are intrusted with the tuition of misses destined to the counter  
and



and workshop. Ideas of glare, and what is called dashing, are, therefore, infinitely more prevalent among the pupils sent from the appropriate schools to manage the houses of Shoreditch, Spital Fields, and Bethnal Green, than of those which issue from Camden House, Queen Square, Devonshire Place, and other seminaries of rational and elegant instruction, to grace the circles of polished and elevated society. Many of the *ladies*, for so, as perhaps old Delville would say, *courtesey* allows them to be called, in whatever particulars they might severally differ, agreed in one, their leading characteristic was ignorance and vulgarity, raised by accident to a station for which they were totally unfit. For what reason? the reader may ask; to which the answer is very simple and concise; the want of education, knowledge, and manners.

Mrs. Douglas, a woman of sense, information, elegant deportment, and liberal sentiments, could neither derive much pleasure nor instruction from a dialogue between

Mrs.

Mrs. Priabout, Mrs. Huntnews, and Mrs. Clacket, concerning the amount of one of their neighbour's milk-scores, or butcher's bills, with annotations on their folly in having recourse to the poulterer. As these, and other ladies, were completely idle, as must be the case with those who, without powers or habits of reading and reflection, come unexpectedly to be exempted from the necessity of manual labour, to fill their time they conjointly arranged a plan of inquisitorial inspection into the transactions of their neighbours. Mrs. Priabout and Mrs. Clacket would betake themselves to a pastry-cook's, (rising somewhat higher than the ladies of the *same sentiments and habits*, who, as recorded in the first volume of Tom Jones, made a chandler's shop the scene of their enquiries,) there they had an opportunity of meeting with that very communicative class of domestics, servant-maids, whom treating, as well as themselves, with a hearty glass of cherry bounce, they made the vehicles of much important information.

information. There they would learn whether old Mr. Lockgoer did not cast a sheep's eye after his handsome servant; whether, with all his sanctity, he was not a great singer of naughty songs; and loved a pretty girl in a corner; whether Miss Cockup was not very often alone with Mr. Strapper, and whether she was not paler than usual, though not thinner in the person; what was neighbour Such-a-one's income; if they had dinners or card parties; if they had plain joints, or delicacies; if they drank much wine, and how they paid their wine-merchant; how long such a lady had worn her black bonnet; whether it had not once been trimmed with different ribbons; whether Mrs. Roundabout was not supposed to be fonder of other men than of her own husband; whether they did not think that Mrs. Wriggle's footman had broad shoulders; and whether Mr. Timothy Tattle was not a most delightful man; whether Dr. Spadeace was not a most facetious person, and charming company, an eloquent

quent preacher, and a choice player at whist? While these momentous researches were carrying on at the one end of the street, their friends were not idle at the other. At the grocer's equally interesting enquiries were made, and produced no less estimable knowledge.

From these extremes the parties would move on to a more central situation, where they would commune upon the various intelligence they had collected. Sunday was, to them, a day of as much delight as it is to persons of real devotion; because in their way to, and from *church*, or in *whispers during the service*, they had opportunities of receiving most valuable, at least, most valued, information. To be sure, all they heard on these occasions was not true; the discovery of error, however, did not damp the zeal of propagation. Mrs. Priabout never exerted herself more vigorously to disseminate any known truth than she did an improvement, one day devised by herself to a story, *just as she was repeating*

*repeating the response to the commandment which forbids us to bear false witness against our neighbours.* This embellishment was, indeed, no more than a hint that a young lady who had been seen the preceding day in a post chaise, driving farther into the country, went (to use the language of advertisements,) from *the consequences of an unguarded moment.* This intimation she communicated by a look and a shrug to her cronies, as they were going to the altar on the most solemn occasion that can assemble Christians.

As she returned, a very fortunate opportunity offered itself for immediate circulation. She met with a peripatetic gentleman, who had received his earliest moral lessons as an Irish calabarrero, and had an adequate regard for truth. His native tuition he had improved by a long residence in Austrian Flanders, and confirmed his habits of veracity by a close contemplation of the Brussels Gazette. The sole ostensible employment of this worthy person

son

son was investigating and imparting the history of the districts, with such emendations as his invention suggested. He ranged from the street to the lanes, from the lanes to the squares, in order to learn what was going on. His indefatigable efforts had not been in the earlier part of that day altogether unsuccessful. He had learnt that a neighbouring kept-lady had not been quite constant to her Lord, and that a quarrel had taken place, between a tradesman and his wife. This news he had imparted to Mrs. Priabout, but considered his communication as altogether over-balanced in importance by what that kind lady now delivered. Having heard all that she had to say, he imparted to her his own reflections on the subject; adding a circumstance that the lady's invention had not supplied, *who* the cause was of Miss's excursion; and that he had long foreseen what must be the consequence of her secret meetings with that Captain.

“ It is wonderful,” said Mrs. Priabout,

“ I never



“ I never heard of it before ; where did they meet ? ”

“ In the Green Park, for one place, from thence they used to go into town. I know all the particulars, but I never chose to mention it ; nothing I detest more than meddling in other people’s affairs, and spreading scandal. I pity the poor father and mother.”

“ They deserve it,” said the lady, “ for not keeping a better look out.”

Mr. Blast, to whom the intelligence was entirely new, notwithstanding his account just narrated, proceeded to detail it, and had proposed to himself to call at every house of his acquaintance, that the important history might be known.

The propagation of the report was suspended for some hours, by a cause, which, as the peripatetic well knew, would eventually accelerate its progress. Mr. Blast received in the street an invitation to dinner, *a summons he never failed most eagerly to obey*, as he was of the respectable



ble tribe of dinner-hunters, and never failed to do justice to entertainments where he could eat and drink for nothing. Even the desire of speedily spreading his newly acquired knowledge did not prevent him from confining his discoveries for that time to the family of his host; except, indeed, an intimation *en passant* to those he met in his way, of the discovery he had made. He fortunately met with Dr. Spadeace for one; to this worthy divine the information was peculiarly pleasing at this time, as he was going to dine with some old ladies, to which society his discourse both in the pulpit and the parlour was peculiarly adapted; the enquiries from the Doctor, added to his valuable remarks, took so much time, that Mr. Blast could not stop to impart his news to any after the Doctor. But since it was necessary for him to limit his farther agency in the circulation, for some time, to the house where he was to regale, it gave him a most benevolent pleasure, that by it alone he would be enabled to

to confer the *highest possible happiness on his host*, who, he doubted not, would be a most powerful auxiliary. The gentleman with whom he was to dine was no less a man than Mr. Timothy Tattle, who has already been mentioned with such honour in these memoirs. He had been hardly seated in the drawing-room, when he informed Timmy that there was news in the neighbourhood. He was beginning to open the preliminaries, when dinner being announced, diverted his attention to *the immediate object of his visit*. Having crammed himself so full that he could eat no more, and drank several bumpers of wine, *during the change of plates*, with true rhetorical skill he arranged his materials in a rising series, so that the most important should be the last. Tattle devoured the narrative with the greatest eagerness, and was peculiarly delighted with the last story, as its subject was the daughter of a particular friend. Mr. Blast was congratulating himself on the pleasure he had given his kind host, and the

assistance he would derive from him in the circulation of the intelligence, when Timmy, to the others great surprize, said to him, “ My dear fellow, I knew every word of that and much more. As to the quarrel between Mr. Retail and his wife, I heard that two months ago, from my hair-dresser, which was farther confirmed by the house-maid.”

After a circumstantial recital of the testimony of these two persons, he proceeded to the second head of historical discussion, asserting that, *to his knowledge*, her next door neighbour was the father of the two last children of my Lord's mistress. But on the third head he particularly enlarged; declared that the young lady was ready to lye-in, and was disposed of at a farmhouse, on the Uxbridge road. “ We all know,” continued he, “ who the father is; as long as it was a secret I never mentioned it, but now that it is public, I'll honestly tell you, that both the father and lover consulted me how it should be best concealed,

cealed, knowing, (especially the old boy —I can tell you some stories about him,) that *I was a trusty confident*. I never felt so much in my life, as for the poor mother, when she was discovering to me the whole affair. The daughter went off in a hackney coach the day before yesterday. I'll tell you more, since I know that we are among friends, and that it will go no farther. I extended my ride that way this very day, and she was this morning brought to bed of a boy.—Mr. Blast was astonished to find his friend so much better informed on the subject than himself. The lady of the house was extremely concerned to hear of the misfortune of a young lady that she had highly valued. The gentlemen were proceeding with their remarks, when there came a triple knock to the door, and in came the lady herself, in the full bloom and freshness of beauty and health, and the open frankness of innocence. The company were confounded. But Timmy

*his veracity*, soon recovered himself, handed her to a seat, and said, “ My dear girl, do you know that we had just heard that you were gone off to be married. How people can raise such reports ! This is the d—nedst meddling, story-telling neighbourhood, I ever was in, in my life.”

Mr. Blast assented to this remark, and both gentlemen exclaimed with great bitterness against prying into other people’s affairs, and framing false reports.

Timmy made many very sage remarks on gossiping and slander, with which Blast heartily concurred ; and each mentioned instances of acquaintances and neighbours that were too much addicted to these practices. From this subject, the conversation insensibly changed to a calculation of what this and that neighbour was worth.

“ It is wonderful,” said Blast, “ how some people do keep up appearances ; people that I know, and could now mention, who live in great style, keep their footmen, their horses, and their curricles, though  
they

they have not two hundred a year in the world."

"All show and deceit," says Timmy, "mere *impostor*; I have an opportunity of knowing how many things of that sort go on. I know the cashiers of most of the chief banking-houses in town. They let me into the secret.—There are persons that I could name to you, that don't live a hundred miles from the place that we are now in, their banker is ———, and the head partner himself told me they were greatly overdrawn. Can you guess who I am speaking of? A man reckoned very rich—cuts a fine dash—but it is not all gold that glitters."

"What, said Blast, "Mr. ———? the great—"

"No, I did not mean him; although there will be a crash there too; but (whispering) Mr. ———, the merchant, in ———. You may depend upon it, there will be a docquet struck on Thursday, and you will see him in the Gazette on Saturday.

N 3



day. I knew how it would be—gambling in the Alley—town house, and country house—keeps a girl out at Stockwell—allows her a chariot and phaeton. It is really lamentable to me, the wickedness that goes on. He applied to me a few days ago, himself, for three thousand. I had about five hundred more lying at my banker's. He offered me even a mortgage, but I knew better what to do with my money. Poor Mr. Import, he's dished. There's Mr. Planwell too, he and his friends give out, that he's a man of property. I know the contrary. I am intimate with the clerks of the Bank—the devil a farthing he has in the funds. By G—d, if it had not been for me, I would not wish this to go farther, but if it had not been for me, there would have been an execution in his house, no longer ago than last week. That fine horse that he rides on was bought with money that I lent him.”

“ Have you heard any thing of the Douglasses?”



Douglasses?" said Blast, with a significant shrug.

"Yes, something; but not very perfectly—what have you heard?"

"They say the old uncle in India is dead, and not left the General's family a farthing."

"Oh! that's what you mean! I know the whole of that matter. Manage the agent, with whom I am extremely intimate, told me confidentially it would be so, and showed me a letter from the Nabob, three years ago, mentioning that the General would be deceived if he expected a farthing; but between you and me, there was not much to expect. Manage had the care of the money as it came home; he's a sly dog; he placed it into the funds in the name of his own children. No sooner did he hear that the Nabob was dead, than what does he do—he resolves to become bankrupt himself. There's a scheme for you, my boy. In a week or two you'll see J. Manage's name among the *whereases*—

he will give up a few thousands to his creditors, and begin the world again upon the Nabob's money—there's a stratagem for you, my boy!”

“He is gone out of the kingdom, is he not?”

“Out of the kingdom—ah! you must talk to another person in that manner; I know Jack Manage well, I know all his secrets; but what I am going to tell you is a profound secret, so don't mention it again; he's snug in a little cottage by Sydenham Common, with one of the Norwood gypsies to be his housekeeper, what do you think of that now? I found him out last Thursday. I had taken a ride down to call upon my friend Thurlow, and not finding him at home, rode through the woods to Sydenham. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, when who the devil should I meet but Manage. He made a sign to me to be silent, and whispered me to call him by a different name. However, he took me with him into his cottage—we got drunk  
together

together—for we drank two bottles of Madeira, and five bottles of port, hand and fist; so over his bottle he told me all his affairs and intentions, as a secret; so, for God's sake, don't let it go farther, as I don't wish to expose the poor man. I am extremely sorry he should act so." From grief for the iniquities of mankind, Timmy, whose transitions were sometimes very rapid, passed to the subjects of his chief exultation and delight. These were *himself and his horse*; on which topics he expatiated with great fluency, bestowing many encomiums on both, and with justice on the horse. To this agreeable conversation four bottles of wine was no disagreeable auxiliary; the fifth, however, *closed it* for the present.

Such company as Mrs. Priabout, Mr. Blast, and Mr. Tattle, Mrs. Douglas or her son could not regard as the fittest for their society; but such, in the common style of neighbourhood, they were obliged

sometimes to meet with, if they often joined the parties of the place.

*Card parties were the usual resources of idleness in these, as in higher circles.* Although Mrs. Douglas disliked cards, and Douglas despised them, they could not avoid being occasionally present. About this time Mrs. Wriggle thought it incumbent on herself to hold a meeting of this kind, at which she herself should be president. Accordingly Charles and his mother received an invitation.

The appointed evening arrived. At seven o'clock, agreeable to the custom of the place, they resorted to the house of Mrs. Wriggle. The footman shewed them to the bottom of the stairs, and told them they would find the drawing-room on the first floor. Let not the reader impute to the domestic's ignorance what really arose from his hurry of business on this important occasion. He had many weighty affairs on his hands. He had to receive the plated candle-

candlesticks that had been borrowed to do honour to the fête. To make the milk punch, and to tie up the second hand packs of cards fresh arrived from a tavern in St. James's Street, to enclose them so dexterously in the usual covers of new packs that they might entitle his mistress to the card money ; his fidelity being inspired by the hope of snacks. Charles, mistaking the door, opened one which proved to be a bed-room, where seeing a lady making the last preparation for joining the company, he immediately drew back, and, trying another door, found a few assembled. In a short time, the hostess having entered, and some others making their appearance, without being any more announced than Douglas and his mother had been, she expressed her surprize that *none of the footmen* were in the way. At last, the cards and candlesticks being arranged, the attendance was more regular, and the rest of the company came properly ushered in. The visitors were numerous. Among them, as in fact

they represented in the aggregate of their sense, knowledge, and manners, the neighbourhood in general; there were several people of talents and breeding, but, as such are seldom the most conspicuous, it will be unnecessary to particularize them.

Wilson being invited to the same party, and knowing most of the company, described some of them to his friend Charles. A little bustling man coming up, took hold of Wilson by the hand, and said with great heartiness, "Ah! Master Wilson, how do you do? You look as grave as *some ladies* at a christening; but all the time you notice what is going on;" and turning to Douglas, "You had better take care, Sir; Mr. Wilson is very observing and satirical;"—"but you, Doctor, are secure."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "I defy any one to pick a hole in my coat; but, Wilson, with all your abilities, you are a noodle after all. I saw him, Sir," said he, to Douglas, "the other evening throw away  
a rub-

a rubber game, by not leading through the honour."

"That's a very serious accusation, Wilson," said Douglas; "do you plead guilty?"

"Not *now*," said Wilson, "for the Doctor here, as *foreman of a jury of old ladies*, who impaneled themselves upon the charge, in their name returned the verdict guilty; but, Douglas, I have not introduced you to the Doctor. Dr. Spadeace, this is Mr. Douglas, a neighbour of ours. Mr. Douglas I have the pleasure of presenting you to Dr. Spadeace, whose renown for eloquence I have frequently mentioned to you."

"Aye," said the Doctor, "for *preaching*, or *PLAYING at whist*, I will not turn my back upon any man of the cloth."

"Who is this?" said Douglas, as the Doctor was called to open the campaign; "I never heard of him from you before."

"Oh! a good-natured little parson that lives in the neighbourhood, extremely fond  
of



of playing at whist, talking of his own sermons, his acquaintance with Lords and Bishops, of showing you letters from great people on matters of no earthly consequence, in order that you may know he has such correspondents. If he had not been called away to cut for partners, ten to one but you would have heard the history of his whole private concerns, and the multiplicity of affairs concerning which his advice is asked, with the texts on which he has preached, the heads of his discourses, their great excellence, and the impression made on his hearers by his eloquence, (and truly impressive it is, for it sets them asleep); his parties at whist, the hands he has held, and the dexterity with which he himself saved lurch, or game. As a philosopher, he considers *the supreme good* to consist in *winning a bumper rubber*; and though, as an orthodox divine, perfectly well-affected to the *thirty-nine* articles, his thoughts are much more occupied by the *fifty-two*."

Charles

Charles and Wilson now overlooked a party in which two ladies were partners against a lady and a gentleman. The female associates were better players, and, besides, had the advantage of finesse, so that they were successful. They appeared perfectly to understand one another's motions, and also took advantage of the inadvertency of the competitors to set up honours which they never held, and taking to themselves tricks not their own. Wilson, who thoroughly knew their mode of procedure, and also their *motives and reasons*, informed our hero, that these were persons of very confined property, who, to keep up with their more opulent neighbours, eked out their income by winnings at cards; without that addition, their dress must have been on a more œconomical plan; *Pam pays for the paste ear-rings; the four by honours, furnish their feathers and furbelows; for their trains they are indebted to the odd trick.* Theirs is by no means

means an uncommon case; THEY COMMIT FRAUD TO GRATIFY VANITY.

They now moved towards some worthy dowagers who were engaged in *a critical review* of the preceding rubbers; “*thrice they slew the slain.*” Mrs. Toothless, proudly as she exulted in the success of the evening, could not avoid, for the information and instruction of her late partner, entering into a most learned and profound disquisition to prove, that if he had played his *nine of clubs instead of his eight of hearts, instead of TEN, the points required, they should have made ELEVEN.* To evince this important truth, she not only mentioned the cards actually in the hand at the time, she said, the nine of clubs was led, but went over every card from the beginning of the game; moreover, the learned lady repeated the history of many other card-matches, which, like the orations of some eminent orators in other places, *though totally irrelevant to the point at issue,* shewed the speaker to have a very good memory,

mory, however unimportant the object of its exertions.

Charles bowing to a gentleman and lady, his mother asked him who that sweet elegant woman and smirking grinning man were; he answered that it was Timmy Tattle and his wife. Timmy bustled in, talked to most of the gentlemen, calling them by their surnames, in order to shew familiarity. THE MEN OF SENSE *regarding him with a mixture of ridicule and pity*, whilst he talked of his great credit among bankers, his particular intimacy with Lords, and other details equally authentic in themselves, and important to his hearers; while *the men of no sense admired Timmy* for the consequence he assumed. Many of the ladies were greatly delighted with him, and with reason; no two of themselves, however willing, could equal the volubility of Timmy's tongue, the versatility of his talk, and the variety of his intelligence respecting the private and domestic history of the vicinity. Even Mrs. Priabout herself, with  
the

the assistance of the Corresponding Society of the district, and the select committees of the church, and pastry-cook's, could not but perceive herself surpassed by Timmy Tattle in those qualities and acquirements by which only she herself had attained, or could attain, distinction. Timmy was particularly eminent for his impartiality in the object of his narratives and poetical prose. No one was spared, friend or foe, acquaintance or stranger, *all was fish that came in Timmy's net.*

Our hero now sat down to cards. Shilling whist was the rule of the house. A lady at the same table with Charles, who at home, after the business of making up drugs for her husband's shop, had been accustomed of an evening to a *twopenny rubber*, declared she was surprized that Mrs. Wriggle, a lady of consequence, would play at so low a rate, at our house, and, indeed, among all our intimates. "We never *plays* for less than half-crowns. It was only last night

night I lost *half-a-guinea at half-crown*  
*whist.*"

"Ten shillings," said one of the gentlemen, "I suppose you mean, Ma'am."

"No." says she, "I really lost *a bumper.*"

The gentleman not pressing farther, on her arithmetical powers, the rubber went on. At the end, leaving one shilling each, they made room for another party that did the same. Thus, by the admirable and praise-worthy management of the hostess, there were six shillings clear gain at every table for the second-hand cards. Milk punch was now handed round with the accompaniments of rum and brandy, called, for gentility, *liqueurs*. Not a few of the ladies unfortunately exhibited, in pouring out the liqueur, signs of a nervous complaint; or, indeed, from its instantaneity, a spasmodic affection, which rendered them unable to restrain their hand so soon as they intended. Providentially, however,  
they

they recovered the most perfect steadiness, when conveying it to their mouths.

Mrs. Daubdumpling entertained those that would listen to her with a very particular account of the dialogues that *usually* took place between the Countess, Lady Caroline, Lady Sophia, Lady Bell, and her; the Earl, Lord Richard, Lord Frederick, Lord William, and her husband; on their reciprocal visits, as the families were extremely intimate. Mrs. Chatter, earnestly attending to these important recitals, could not but envy Mrs. Daubdumpling and her husband those high honours, and resolved immediately to set an enquiry on foot, in hopes of discovering something that might enable her to balance accounts with that lady and her husband, to discover some flaw in their situation or fortune, (for of their intellectual and moral character she made no account,) which might be a *set off* against their splendid acquaintance in Ladies and Lords.

Wilson, observing a young lady muffled  
up



up about the throat, who was generally remarkable for *her disinterested exposure of a scraggy, flat, and tawny neck*, went up to enquire concerning her health.

Thanking him for his attention, she declared she had been afflicted with a cold ever since she had been at Sir Godfrey Gander's grand gala. "Her Ladyship had," she said, "had the politeness to send her a card; that it was a very superb and *select* assembly, the particulars of which she undertook to narrate with great accuracy: specifying her own dress; how she had been almost disappointed by her milliner; the tardiness of the hair-dresser; the devices and arrangements at the supper; the proceedings at the ball; who called the dances; what they were; remarks upon the different dances; the witty sayings of Lord Nicholas Numbscull, and the wise observations of Lady Sarah Shatterbrain; his Lordship's and her Ladyship's attention to this the narrator." Tattle, who heard this account, and was not without envy of  
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the happiness enjoyed by the narrator, and who himself wished much to have the honour of being noticed by Sir Godfrey Gander, whom he had seen in company, and looked upon as a personage of very great ability, note, and importance, as soon as she had gone away to recite the same momentous intelligence to others of the party, gave a hint that Miss would have *reason* to remember Sir Godfrey Gander's gala.

Mrs. Priabout and Mrs. Chatter, now, on some occasion that they were pleased to take, agreed in severely reprobating the conduct of Mr. Blast, as an idle, tattling, meddling fellow, *eternally scrutinizing other people's affairs, a thing THEY abhorred*. In this abhorrence Timmy Tattle declared his hearty agreement. "Nothing," said he, "is more unworthy of a man, or even a woman, than gossiping. Blast is the laughing-stock of the place for it. Many times have *I* advised him to give it over; however, as *I* can do no better, one thing always *I* do, which is, to stop  
his

his mouth when in my company. He made up the most infamous story about Miss Bloomly. *I* threatened to tell it to her father, but he, on his knees, begged me not to do it. Both the ladies having expressed their detestation of so false and mischievous slander; Mrs. Priabout, in particular, exclaimed, "Good God! what notions of religion a person can have, that can spread a report so untrue, and injurious, to a young woman that *has nothing but her character to depend on!* Even granting that she may have been not quite so prudent."

"Aye, aye," says Tattle, nodding his head, "that can't be helped now; but what a villain he must be to endeavour *to make what is bad worse.*"

"I am extremely happy," said Mrs. Priabout, "that the girl is not gone off; and should there be no future occasion for it, what is past I hope will be forgotten. To be sure, strange things were said about  
that;

that; but, for my part, I am always candid, and believe the best."

The ladies having moved their station, Tattle accosted Douglas, and told him, that those ladies, whom he had just parted with, were two of the most babbling, slanderous, tabbies he had ever met with; that he hated the very sight of them."

Mrs. Priabout, hastily returning, asked Tattle if Blast had mentioned any thing of an application to the apothecary?

"Every tittle of it," replied he, "meddling wretch! What business was it of his? Such experiments are very bad for the constitution. As —— (said Tattle, when she was off,) — Mrs. Pry, probably, may know from experience. I'll tell you her whole history."

"Another time," said Douglas, "will do. I see my mother is just going, and I must attend her."

"But stop one minute," said Timmy. "I have something to say to you. You have

“have a vote and interest in the city of Westminster.”

“Very little interest,” returned our hero.

“You must know,” said Timmy, “there is to be a speedy vacancy there. An intimate friend of mine is to be candidate; *and I think I shall carry it for him.*”

Mrs. Douglas having consented to stay a little longer, Charles, to get free of the boasting balderdash of Timmy Tattle, entered into talk with some of the gentlemen, one of whom, a neighbour, was concisely, but very forcibly and justly, maintaining, that the French had been the aggressors, generally in their decreed encouragement to the rebellious of all nations and their schemes of territorial aggrandizement, especially to us in their correspondence with the anti-monarchical clubs of this country, and in the violation of treaties, by the opening of the Scheldt, on pretence that its exclusive navigation, by

the Dutch, was contrary to their ideas of liberty, as if the rights and contracts of independent nations ought to be affected by the internal changes of France.

Hubblebubble, that illustrious abettor, on trust, of democracy, impiety, and atheism, (we say *on trust*, because he did not understand the arguments on the one side or the other,) was endeavouring to defend *the letter of Mr. Fox*, and most miserably mangling the subject of his intended vindication. Another gentleman, who though a strenuous supporter of the present administration, yet, as a man of sense, highly valued Mr Fox, said rather inadvertently, "I by no means agree, Mr. Hubblebubble, with Mr. Fox in his politics; but, though I have not read the letter in question, I think you must have forgotten, or misapprehended, some part of it, as I can hardly think that great man would write downright nonsense."

Mr. Hubblebubble made a reply to this  
remark



remark, intimating that his opponent had rather deviated from correct breeding. The other, on recollecting himself, allowed his expression to be hasty, but still insisted that Mr. Fox's reasoning, as stated by Mr. Hubblebubble, was absurd. Hubblebubble also considered this answer as unpolite. It was, indeed, a very common practice with this man to charge to the want of politeness in an opponent the detection of his own want of argument. Douglas, in a few words, gave a full account of the letter, in which he did justice to the transcendent abilities of the writer, although totally unconvinced by his ingenuity and eloquence, and briefly stated the grounds of his dissent. Hubblebubble declared himself to be of a different opinion from them all, but *as he adduced no arguments* to support his opinion; no one took any farther trouble to discuss it. Hubblebubble finding he did not make any converts to his political creed, next tried religion; and,



though very indistinct in his conceptions, and defective in utterance, made a shift to retail some very gross blasphemy that he had taken from the common-place ribaldry of Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*. This book he styled a most ingenious and *original* performance, thereby shewing, at once, his accurate knowledge of the deistical controversy, and his ratiocinative powers. Douglas, on Hubblebubble's going to another part of the room, asked the two gentlemen how that man chose a card-party as the scene for exhibiting his democracy and irreligion. One of them answered, "He is a most zealous promoter of both, although, as you see, without the most distant resemblance to reasoning; and, besides, he was yesterday at the Whig Club, and, as *his head can't hold much at once*, he is choque full of what he heard there from some of the lowest and most violent members, and *could not be at ease until he had given it vent*."

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Those who are totally ignorant what is really agreeable or useful, and yet wish to be fashionable, must pretend to like whatever it is the fashion to be fond of. Some of the gentlemen, and most of the ladies, declared themselves *passionately in love with music*, and though few of them knew anything of the matter, not a few were connoisseurs. Mrs. Wriggle, wishing to entertain the company as thoroughly as possible, asked an acquaintance to favour them with a *Sonata*. The lady having complied, twirled up and down the keys, as the marks on the book directed her, but without any knowledge of time or expression, or any indication of feeling. The amateurs were charmed, and made use, to the best of their remembrance, of the terms that they had been taught to use on such occasions. One spoke of the *andante*; another of the *allegro*; and a third, wishing to out-do both these critics, declared the *andante* to be a most charming *allegro*; while a fourth talked learnedly of

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quavers,

quavers, crotchets, minims, and semi-breves; and a fifth praised the execution of Cramer's. Mrs. Wriggle, herself, was now, as she expected, asked to play, with the accompaniment of her voice; she, accordingly, in a strained treble, attempted to warble *lullaby*. Our hero, who was perfectly well-bred, not only commanded his muscles, but appeared to listen with attention. After many of them had repeated their devotions to the milk punch and liquor, the ladies rose to depart, some of them having previously pocketed the cakes.

The company being departed, Mrs. Wriggle and John proceeded to examine the treasures which the candlesticks covered; treasures that were destined to pay for the cards, the lights, and what was much more weighty, the *liqueurs*, with a percentage to John for his skill and dexterity; when, oh! how short-sighted is the counsel of imperfect and frail man; how vain  
are

are his best-laid schemes ; how delusive are his most sanguine hopes ; the hostess and her man discovered that there were no treasures to be found ; a provident lady, it seems, just before she departed, had secured the booty.

## CHAP. IX.

Conversation between our Hero and others, on the general and distinctive Characters of our three chief Female Novel-writers, MRS. SMITH, MRS. RATCLIFFE, and MISS BURNEY.

ALTHOUGH Charles was obliged to sacrifice to good neighbourhood some of his hours, he spent most of them in a way much more fitting for a man of genius and learning. His friend Wilson often, and sometimes Strongbrain and Grecian, favoured him with their company. One day all these gentlemen engaged to dine with Charles, as did also Sidney. Wilson brought with him a man of a very prepossessing appearance, and whom Charles had never seen before. The stranger soon discovered himself to be a man of lively and vigorous fancy, sensibility to the beauties of nature, and strong understanding. In the course  
of

of their conversation, the others being all literary, discovered that he was rather a man of genius and general information than of classical erudition, or of science; they modelled the discourse accordingly. Captain Vanguard gave them a very accurate description of the country and inhabitants of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, which he had lately visited. His account of the Lakes was at once so picturesque and interesting, exhibited so pleasing and impressive a view of physical and moral nature, as evinced penetrating discernment of understanding, delicate susceptibility of taste and feeling, and goodness of heart. From local beauty and grandeur, and from provincial happiness, he rose to the face of England in general, and to its national felicity, and spoke at once with enthusiasm and truth on the various and manifold blessings that are the lot of Britons; repeating, with an energy that far surpassed the impressiveness of prescribed elocution, the praises of Britannia, from Thompson's

Seasons. Douglas was charmed with the thoughts, manners, and sentiments of his new acquaintance, and said, he thought it would be producing united pleasure, information, and instruction, to the public, if he would communicate to it what he had then delivered concerning the Lakes. I should be delighted to see, in print, drawn in your forcible and impressive manner, the King of Patterdale and Skidaw. The other gentleman expressing the same wish, he confessed he had made memorandums of his tours, and that he would consider what they suggested. The discourse now turned from those romantic scenes in particular to external beauty and sublimity in general. Douglas said he thought one of the best and most picturesque describers of external nature that had written in modern times, was Mrs. Ratcliffe. The grand, the vast, the terrible, seemed to be her favourite subjects; but she was also excellent in the beautiful, the sweet, the plaintive, the melancholy. Whatever she draws  
results



results from a just and vigorous conception that marks the particulars, and seizes the characters of complex objects. Her descriptions would make striking landscapes; whether we attend her through the soft and verdant plains, and along the winding rivers of Gyonne and Languedoc, the dingy glades and gloomy thickets of the forest of Fontainville, the dreary deserts of Garganus, the towering cliffs of the Appenines, the rugged precipices of the Pyrennees, or the snow-capt Alps; whether to the extremes of cold or heat, to mount Blank or Vesuvius, the rich plains of Lombardy, Campania, and Naples, or the barren rocks of Savoy, the objects before us are distinct in their parts, in their whole, complete. The exuberance of her genius makes a profusion of exhibitions, but still they are excellent in their kind. Said Dr. Grecian, "I agree with you, my friend; her powers of copying external nature are great, though too frequently exerted. I think her, on the whole, a woman of considerable genius, al-

though I think she delights too much in making mysteries for the mere purpose of solving them." — Dr. Strongbrain said, that Mrs. Ratcliffe's tales reminded him of the bugbears that are sometimes used, during the rural festivities and sports of Christmas, to frighten children, and inexperienced persons, and at first produce the effect; but being afterwards explained to them to be white sheets upon long poles excite laughter instead of fear the next time similar appearances are beheld.

Mrs. Ratcliffe, he said, in her *Mysteries of Udolpho*, keeps the mind in a very interesting suspense, both at Udolpho, from the invisible speaker, and the skeleton, and in *Languedoc*, from the nocturnal musician, the noises in the castle, and the disappearance of Ludovico. But in the Italian, the Monk of Paluzzi ceases to excite the same anxious curiosity, as we see before-hand that his mysterious appearance will be soon accounted for. The writer shews a thorough acquaintance with feelings, as excited by a variety of objects.

jects. This is very evident in her *Pierre de la Motte* and the *Marquis*; but most of all, beyond all comparison, in *Schedoni*. Her exhibitions of reasoning are, on the whole, just, and, in her *Italian*, peculiarly able. The character of *Schedoni* is the result of a very penetrating, discriminating, and powerful mind. As to her plots, they are too intricate; they are a combination of too multifarious means for the ends; too many agents are employed in cases where a few would have served. Not a few of the characters are useless, and consequently burdensome. This observation, indeed, is not so applicable to the *Italian* as to the former romances. She frequently tries humour; that is, however, by no means her forte. Her attempts of that sort are, in the first place, farcical, and in the second, have a sameness of farcicality. Almost the whole of the ludicrous essays are of vulgar people, minutely and tediously circumstantial in their narratives. The writer has great excellence in the highest object of writing;

writing; she is the steady, animated, and impressive friend of sentimental and rational piety, of principled morality, and active energetic virtue. One doctrine of high moment she very ably illustrates, both in her *Romance of the Forest Marquis*, and in the *Marchesa and Schedoni of the Italian*; that is the danger of deviation from the plain and obvious rules of morality, in order to effect some alledged, or even, supposed, good.

“I think, Mrs. Ratcliffe,” said Douglas, “roams into the regions of fancy; it is not for want of an extensive and accurate knowledge of actual existences; if she, perhaps, handles too long, or repeats too often, her fictitious mysteries, she is a faithful delineator of passion, reasoning, conduct, character, and their separate or joint effects in producing happiness or misery.”

Dr. Grecian allowed the powers of Mrs. Ratcliffe to be great; the principles and conduct which she inculcated to be good. The peculiar style, or rather machinery, of her

her writings, he censured; and said, that besides its intrinsic absurdity, it would be the means of more absurd essays in inferior writers. "I have glanced," said he, "at a Romance, written in evident imitation of Mrs. Ratcliffe, by a lady, who, though not without merit as a sonneteer, is very deficient in the power of impressing the imagination, and still feebler in her attempts to exhibit reasoning, sentiment, manners, and character."

Wilson, on hearing the lady's name mentioned, subscribed fully to Dr. Grecian's opinion; and added, that besides a mind too superficial and weak to dive into the recesses of affection and intellect, her opinions were what by erroneous notions formed, in a great measure, from an implicit reception of the doctrines of Voltaire and Rousseau. "She obtained," said Wilson, "some share of praise in a see-saw of complimentary rhymes, dignified by the authors with the name of poetry."

"It is remarkable," said Douglas, "that  
the

the authors of this bad poetry have generally taken since to bad politics, and are rank Democrats."

"Why," said Grecian, "I see nothing remarkable in that. I think, indeed, it was very natural for those who wrote nonsense in verse, to speak, or write, nonsense in prose."

"I think," said Strongbrain, "our lady authors are, generally speaking, tinged with these notions."

"I believe that," said Grecian, "is owing partly to a general cause, which makes men, as well as women, democrats, superficial knowledge, the want of habits, of investigation and close inductive reasoning. The ablest of female writers, as of male, are not democrats, witness Miss Burney; it is owing partly to a special cause, implicit admission, and extravagant admiration of the ingenious phrenzies of Mrs. Wolstonecraft."

"That is not paying a high compliment," said Vanguard, "to the ladies, Doctor, that they adopt a set of opinions merely



merely because one individual of note has advanced them."

"I do not mean, Captain, any reflection on the sex; I merely say that superficial women think, as superficial men do, not from REASON but from *authority*. A modern author, of the first rank, (although I do not agree in all his strictures on my favourite ancient) says, that as idle persons prefer begging subsistence from others, to procuring independent food for their bodies, so idle thinkers prefer subsisting on the charity of other mens thoughts to the labour of procuring independent food for their minds. The minor authoresses are, I believe, thinkers on the authority of Mrs. Wolstonecraft, as many of the minor moral writers are thinkers on the authority of Thomas Paine."

"There is," said Wilson, "a lady of good genius who writes democratical novels; but, I think, her opinions have been influenced fully as much by individual as by special, or general, causes."

"You



“ You mean,” said Douglas, “ I suppose, Charlotte Smith ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ I coincide in your opinion,” said Douglas, “ that her genius is good, but I think it is of an inferior cast to Mrs. Ratcliffe’s. Her imagination is lively, but neither very fertile or very strong. Her invention appears to have been so much drained in her first work as to have left scanty and inferior materials for future composition. Mrs. Smith’s chief excellence consists in interesting the feelings. Her first novel is a pretty and affecting tale ; at the same time it is tinctured with that false and sentimental morality, which rests virtue chiefly on feeling. She admits conduct the most inconsistent with moral duty and the well-being of society, to be compatible with goodness of heart. Of a man, who is represented as being habitually a seducer of women unmarried and married, who ruins a young lady particularly entrusted to his care, that his ERRORS were not

not the *errors* of the heart. I by no means, think it right to soften vice by bestowing on it the appellations belonging to defects of judgement; but as that may be a verbal, rather than a moral, criticism, I do not think it conducive to good morals to represent both acts and series of vicious conduct, as resulting from a good heart. Mrs. Smith's writings tend much more to soften juvenile minds into a doubtful operation, than to fortify them by principled virtue against the accidents of life, and the temptations of the world."

"Why," said Wilson, smiling, "Douglas if you had been so much alone with so lovely a young woman as lady Adelina, would you not have been tempted to do as Fitzedward did?"

"That is nothing to the purpose, my friend. My doing it would not render it right, nor a proper subject of vindicated exhibition. I can conscientiously say that I am not a seducer of women; and if I were, I think I should not deserve to be  
esteemed

esteemed a man of an upright heart. The subsequent novels of this lady are very inferior to her first, and are composed of three classes of materials; praises of herself and family, abuse of attornies and bailiffs, and politics. The lady seems to forget that her own history, although in itself, probably, not uninteresting, is a most tiresome subject of perpetual repetition. We have her first as Mrs. Stafford, afterwards she is served up to us as Mrs. Denzil. Her family concerns are again set before us in the Marchmont annals. Lastly, she starts up to our view as Mrs. Glenmorris, in the Young Philosopher. Her prominent personages are ladies of family and connections overlooked by rich and great relations, and defrauded by lawyers. This is the burden of her song. In a preface to one of her novels, she says, that she can shew that there are now as wicked attornies in the world as the Dowling, or Murphy of Fielding. If there be persons of that profession as bad as Mrs. Smith's representation

tation conveys their villanies, most feebly, to the reader, compared with those of that great anatomist of life and character."

"Indeed," said Wilson, "Mrs. Smith mistakes her forte, when she attempts humour. Her exhibitions of that sort are extremely superficial, and unimpressive. Her Sir Richard Crofts, a character held up to ridicule, merely uniformly uses three words where one should serve. The only other characters in which humour is attempted, are distinguished for nothing else but the employment of vulgar and provincial pàtois, instead of correct language."

"Her politics," said Douglas, "have been very unsteady, and, in a great degree, governed by individual circumstances; at one time a great admirer of the French Revolution, afterwards a most eager abettor of the restoration of the old monarchy, when her daughter had married an emigrant; thirdly, in Marchmont an abuser of  
the

the constitution and laws of this country, because, by those creditors can compel debtors to payment as far as their property extends; fourthly, the panegyrist of the American Republic, because without Lords and Kings."

"Mrs. Smith," said Dr. Strongbrain, "is a woman of a lively fancy, a feeling heart, and not without knowledge of the surface of life; but profound investigation of the heart and head of the individual; speculations on the end, nature, and excellence of civil and political society she ought not to attempt, because beyond her knowledge, and above her powers."

"How much more wisely," said Wilson, "has a lady of the highest genius for novel writing, directed her talents."

"I think," said Dr. Grecian, "it is a degradation of the talents of Miss Burney to introduce her works in any thing like a comparison with Mrs. Smith's. Miss Burney is the Fielding of modern novelists, with  
much

much of his deep insight into human nature, developement of character, forcible and varied humour, delicacy of pathos, with more uniform correctness of moral tendency.”

“ I,” said Wilson, “ think that lady certainly comes nearest to Fielding’s exhibitions of understanding and heart, of any writer of that class now existing. I cannot, however, help conceiving that what she thinks to be her forte is only a secondary excellence in her writings. They are, it appears to me, much more distinguished for strong sense, accurate delineation, serious or humourous of characters, than for the pathetic. In point of feeling, I must say, I think her equalled to Charlotte Smith. The passions, in certain stages of their progress, are very well pourtrayed; but when the lady attempts to describe them in their highest state of violence, she rather loses sight of nature, and substitutes fancy. The gradual progress of love, in a virtuous  
and



and elevated female mind, is very finely shewn in Cecilia, both while with her guardian in town, and afterwards at Delvil Castle; but the madness is, I think, extravagant and unnatural. The general morals of Miss Burney's works are admirable; in her best work, the conduct and catastrophe of Harel in particular; the consequences of left-handed policy in Monckton; reason and duty controuling the most powerful affections in Delvil and Cecilia; the inefficacy of genius without the accompaniment of judgement, and the guidance of prudence in Belfield are most momentous lessons of the best ethics and morals. They tend to make the reader wiser, stronger, and better."

"Of a great, but subordinate excellence," said Sidney, "are those parts which exhibit manners and conduct as formed and directed by the fashions of the times, or by peculiar circumstances of situation and profession."

"I agree



“ I agree with you on the whole,” said Douglas, “ but I think there is sometimes caricature. Briggs and the Brangtons are very humourous, but sometimes extravagant, as is the affectation of Meadows, and of Sir Sedley Clarendel ; of vulgar characters the best are, I think, Mrs. Belfield and Mr. Hobson ; of insignificant characters of rank, the Lovel of Evelina, and the old Delvile of Cecilia.”

“ I cannot,” said Wilson, “ help thinking Camilla a work of very great merit, in the variety or well marked and well exhibited characters in the excellence and force of the moral inculcations.”

“ I think,” said Dr. Grecian, “ you are on the whole right, but there is a greater degree of eccentricity and extravagance, both in the story, actors, and situations, than in those of her former writings. Among the chief excellencies are the character of Camilla herself ; of amiable and interesting deformity, in her sister ; of vo-

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lative dissipation in her brother; of informed and principled religion and morality in the father, with some sketches of a character at once similar and different in the mother. Sir Hugh Tyrold seems to me to be rather a personification of abstract qualities than an exhibition of a class of character actually existing. He is merely an ideal junction of incapacity and benevolence. In life we will not find a single instance of a weak man so totally devoid of self conceit and vanity as Sir Hugh. In Edgar, with much excellence of intellectual and moral exhibition, there is a degree of refined suspicion by no means natural in a young man, at least a young man of such a head and heart, and for which the opinion of his tutor does not sufficiently account. The low characters are more extravagantly caricatured than in *Evelina* or *Cecilia*. Were I to characterize Mrs. Ratcliffe, Mrs. Smith, and Miss Burney by one prominent feature in their works I should say that

Mrs.

Mrs. Ratcliffe was chiefly distinguished by vivacity of fancy, Mrs. Smith by tenderness of feeling, Miss Burney by acuteness, force, and comprehensiveness of understanding.

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